

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

1872

January.

MARGARET, QUEEN OF NAVARRE.

SO GREATLY refreshing is it to any one pondering the dark and troubled era out of which sprang the Reformation, if the eye may rest upon one and another, though few, rising up amid the gloom and confusion to record their testimony against the ignorance and vices of that age, and assert their claim to look for a clearer light, a purer faith, and a holier life. Nor does it matter whether such witnesses were of humble or more elevated birth and position, nor whether they were of the rougher and stronger sex, or belonged to the class of "elect ladies" of the kingdom; inasmuch as in this kingdom there is recognized neither Greek nor Jew—male nor female, but all are one in Christ Jesus.

Of these same witnesses few rise on the vision robed with rarer beauty and attractiveness than Margaret of Angoulême, and subsequently Duchess d'Alençon and Berry, and Queen of Navarre. Bating one single and remarkable stain, as if to remind us that none "of God's holy angels" belong to our fallen race, Margaret presents to us a character verging as near, in all respects, to human perfection as is easy for imagination to create or pencil to portray. Whether we refer to the strength and beauty of her intellect, the elevation and purity of her moral sentiments, the elegance and charms of her social character, the extreme loveliness and beneficence of her life, and last and not least, the consummate beauty and gracefulness of her person and manners—she stands before us as well-nigh unique, and second to few of all the daughters of Eve.

Margaret was born April 11, 1492, and was the daughter of Charles, Count d'Orleans and Louisa of Savoy. Her mother was but sixteen

at the birth of this her first-born, and was, as is well known, a lady of great accomplishments. She hailed with exquisite delight the advent of this little daughter, and as the latter grew in years, her mother laid herself out with unremitting energy and pains for her education. The child early evinced a remarkable precocity, and, when in extreme youth, seized upon her studies with a delight equaled only by her unexampled success. In her studies, and in the exercises and various sports and recreations of her childhood, she had, as a companion, a little brother two years her junior, and who was afterward Francis I, King of France. This brother Margaret loved with all her heart; and from his infancy to his death, whatever were his vices or misfortunes, her intense sisterly love for him seems never to have wavered for a moment. Hand in hand these two beautiful children studied and progressed—the sister ever the stronger and more scholarly, the brother following, though with unequal steps, her upward path in knowledge and every accomplishment adapted to their tender years; and under the supervision of their watchful and accomplished mother, the ablest preceptors were present to impart every suitable instruction and adorning to these favored children of affluence and heirs of illustrious hopes.

"Heirs of illustrious hopes" indeed they were; yet it is painfully instructive to meditate how often, especially in regal families, such promises are fearfully blighted, and the sequel fails to answer back to the serene and sunny years of joyous childhood. The dizzy eminences of royalty need never be coveted by those who are born to humbler spheres of life and action; and when History, as she sometimes does, lifts for us the veil and bids us view the sons and daughters of royal houses in the innocence and

beauty of their childhood years, it seems a pity that their early homes and happiness might not, in many an instance, be long perpetuated, and that the hazards and struggles incident to thrones and diadems be clean escaped forever!

When Margaret was yet but ten years old, her uncle, the good King Louis XII, was already making overtures to Henry VII of England for a match between the child and the Prince of Wales—the future Henry VIII. The negotiations failed, however, and thus the divine Providence aided the little maid to one happy escape; nor can we forbear the wish that she might have always been equally fortunate.

And Margaret grew on, while added years, as they matured her form and stature, presented her as endowed with singular and fascinating beauty. Whoever looked upon her in her sixteenth year beheld a young lady tall and stately—features molded with classic elegance and perfection, with a complexion fair, and “fresher than the morning rose when the dew wets its leaves.” Her eyes were large, with a deep violet hue, her hair long and abundant, having a pale golden color, while every movement and gesture were gracefulness itself, and charmingly correspondent with the superb yet chastened beauty of her person. Harmonious with this rare physical excellence were her mental and social accomplishments, at the same time that a beauty of character equivalent to that of her person is awarded by history to this gifted and lovely being.

No wonder that a multitude of suitors were irresistibly attracted to her presence, while, however, evidence is wanting that any one of them all availed to impress her heart. Indeed, for herself, she was evidently in no haste for marriage, but was willing that several previous and precious years should yet be given to enlarging her knowledge and maturing her many and excellent accomplishments. Such we may believe to have been her preference as well as the verdict of her judgment; but others unhappily thought otherwise, and a match was promptly arranged for the beautiful Margaret.

Charles, Duke d' Alençon, was a handsome youth, of illustrious rank and ample wealth; and this brief statement seems to comprise nearly all that was attractive as associated with his name and history. He is pictured to us as of mean capacity, uneducated, unsocial, and bigoted, while to a melancholy and jealous temperament he joined an almost perfect insensibility to the beautiful, great, and good, whether in the natural or moral world. Thus in most respects, and those, too, of the first importance, he was just the opposite of Margaret, and, as

one would judge, among the very last of men to be matched with a lady of her character, tastes, and accomplishments.

And long and earnestly, and with strong crying and tears, did she protest against an arrangement toward which her heart felt no interest, save an unconquerable and profound aversion. Her father was dead, her only brother was king of France, her mother a woman of boundless ambition, and of stern authority over her child, and preferring for her rank, wealth, and a prospective elevation and a possible diadem above every destiny comprising merely virtue, happiness, and eminent beneficence. One day Margaret seeks an interview with this mother, and kneeling at her feet, pours forth in sobs of bitterness the anguish of her bleeding heart, and begging that, if it were possible, this cup of woe prepared for her might not be pressed to her lips. “The daughters of France,” responded the mother, “have always been disposed of by others for the good of the State. There is nothing in your case to call for a departure from the usual custom. Control yourself, for I am not fond of scenes, and find this rather wearisome.”

Thus must this elegant young lady be sacrificed—must submit to a marriage of State—planned and executed from State considerations simply and purely; a marriage which she detests—which she contemplates only as a grim life-eclipse. She is a “daughter of France,” and must, therefore, be wedded for France, and not at all for herself, or with any view to her own preferences or happiness.

And so Margaret of Angoulême becomes the Duchess of Alençon—is united with a man she never loved and never will love; and retiring from her brother's royal court, whereof she was recognized as the most distinguished ornament, accompanies her husband to his castle at Argentan of Normandy. From the gayeties of court, from the splendid circle of literary celebrities of which she was the admired center, from all the rich and charming associations of her happy childhood and prosperous youth, she goes, at the age of seventeen, to a new and strange home—a home she never sought or desired—not to take rest there, and flourish as its beautiful and joyful mistress, but to linger, rather, as a sojourner and a stranger—a wife and a duchess, indeed, yet innocent of the slightest emotion of pleasure or of hope on that account, and without an anticipation of any luminous future. It was one of the select places of France whither she had come. “Beautiful for situation,” like Mount Zion of Jerusalem, was the proud eminence where that ducal palace

reposed in its dignity and quiet splendor. At its base flowed the Orne as it slowly wound its way northward, while in every direction, intermingled with grand old forests, there lay spreading afar, as upon a map, a magnificent land of farms and vineyards teeming with their abundant and golden harvests. No want came there, which comes so often, and with such facile steps, to humbler habitations and homes, and there was, perhaps, in all the realm of France, no richer or more resplendent dukedom than that of Alençon.

But what was all this to Margaret? We need not here repeat the truism that real happiness springs not from the outward, be it ever so prosperous and fascinating. Out of the heart are "the issues of life," and these give color and character to all that is without. The Duchess of Alençon was sick at heart, and, hence, all the riches and splendor of her new abode were as nothing to her. Gloomy within, all was correspondingly so without, and gladly would she have taken wings and flown away to some retreat however humble, if it might be to her a place of repose.

Amid these aching and longings of soul, Margaret betook herself to her pen—a resort eminently judicious and wise might that pen have been happily directed. But just here it was that she fell. In her distress she sought not after God, and failed to turn her mind and heart to the influences of the spirit of love, purity, and goodness. As if in a fit of desperation she leaped the precipice, and, for a time, consented to hold mental fellowship with what was low, vulgar, and unclean, and stooped to sully her fair vestments with the stain of pollution. "They shall walk with me in white, for they are worthy," is asserted of the pure; but Margaret turned aside and walked elsewhere than with her Savior, and dipped her pen in gall and slime, and wrote not for the good nor those essaying to be so, but spread out upon the page lying beneath her jeweled fingers those thoughts and words fit only for the taste of the worldly, the frivolous, the debauched.

It seems well-nigh inconceivable that the "Heptameron"—the name assigned by Gruget to her series of tales and sketches—could have been the production of the Duchess; and certain friendly critics, from regard to her memory, have ventured to question, at least in part, their authenticity. A charitable yet vain effort. The balance of evidence is too favorable to their imputed authorship, and the gifted authoress received her reward—not the smile of heaven above, but that which she sought, the

approval of earth beneath. "Her *novelles*," says one, "were received with rapturous applause; their wit, keenness of satire, flowing, original, and picturesque energy of style and language, raised their illustrious author to higher fame."

These writings present a series of vivid pictures, portraying the corruptions of the times, detailing unsparingly and, we may add, unblushingly, the deceit, scandals, gluttony, and disorders generally of the monks, omitting no possible crime or incident of their lives. While the tales were widely read, their influence was extensive and as extensively prejudicial. They were on a level with the corrupt age in which they appeared, and instead of aiding to check the prevailing wickedness and licentiousness of the time, did but contribute to the life and progress thereof.

Here was the great error of Margaret's life—the one stain upon her otherwise spotless robe. Of course she deeply repented afterward of this fall, and from the slight notice we have been obliged to give to this melancholy episode in her history, we pass it forever, and gladly turn to contemplate the fairer and purer life that succeeded.

Five hapless years, with slight intervals, did the Duchess of Alençon pass with her husband at Argentan, never ceasing her longings, meanwhile, for the pleasures and associations of those palmy days when, at court, she was privileged to dwell with those she loved, and shone there as a star of unrivaled brilliancy. No wonder, therefore, that, in process of time, we find Margaret again at the capital, where she seems to have remained much time. Shortly afterward the King, her brother, created her Duchess de Berry, resigning to her, during her life, "all his royal rights, privileges, and interest in the domains of the crown within that province." Thus, by this donation, he at once made his sister independently rich; and, with the abundant means in her possession, she would be able not only to live in state henceforth, but to execute whatever plans of benevolence and charity might accord with her inclinations and wisdom.

About this time it was that Margaret became interested in the great Reformation which, under Luther in Germany, and Zwingli in Switzerland, was progressing in those countries, and whose influence was beginning to be felt in France as well as other lands. The venerable and learned Leferre, the young and ardent Farel, Bricconnet, and others of influence in France, had embraced, in whole or in part, the Reform doctrines; and their writings came to the eyes of Margaret, while, in their perusal,

she was deeply affected. "She read," says D'Aubigné, "of the pure Word of God—of a worship in spirit and in truth—of a Christian liberty that rejected the yoke of human traditions and superstitions that it might adhere simply to God." Not only did she read, but she sought interviews and acquaintance with these men, observed their zeal, their godly walk, and their general spirit and bearing. As she read and observed, she received instruction. Though yet young, she had more than tasted the cup of sorrow, and profoundly felt that the gayeties of court, the advantages of wealth and position, together with the abundant flatteries that were breathed upon her—all were inadequate to bring her the relief she craved, all were vanity and vexation of spirit.

Thus Margaret sought after God; and, aided by her communings with the reformers—especially by the counsels of the pious Briçonnet, Bishop of Meaux—she began to trust in Christ alone, and found the pearl of great price. Henceforth the marigold among the flowers became her favorite symbol, as expressive of the want and longing of her spirit; resembling, as it does, the glorious sun, and ever turning toward it in its path of light. *Non inferiora secutus*—not seeking things below, she directed now her thoughts, desires, purposes, and actions toward the exalted Sun of Righteousness, from which her eye must never wander more.

Think of such a conversion, and in the very center of such a court as that of Francis I—a court where frivolity and corruption reigned triumphant—whence the fear of God was absent, and where no smile of the divine approval came. All saw the change, and there were whisperings of surprise and regret amid the profound sensation that was produced. But Margaret was prudent; and, says Brantome, "Every one loved her, for she was very kind, gentle, condescending, and charitable, very easy of access, giving away much in alms, overlooking no one, but winning all hearts by her gracious deportment." Moreover, she was the sister of the King, dearly beloved by him; and who, amid such circumstances, might presume to lift a hand against her? "She is seen erect in the midst of a degraded court, and moving in it as the bride of Jesus Christ." And among her poetical effusions at this special crisis of her life, we listen to her as she sings:

"My Father, then—but what a father thou—
Unseen—that changest not—endless of days,
Who graciously forgivest all my sins.
Dear Lord Immanuel, behold me fall
Low at thy sacred feet, a criminal!
Pity me, Father—perfect in thy love!
Thou art the sacrifice and mercy-seat,

And thou hast made for us an offering meet,
Well pleasing unto thee, O God above."

Dark clouds, however, are now settling over France. The fatal day of Ravia resulted in the defeat of her arms, and Francis is carried, a prisoner of war, to Spain, while the Duke d'Alençon, having fled from the field in the midst of the fight, returns in disgrace to France to meet the indignation of the whole country, and especially of Margaret. Through his defection and cowardice on the battle-field her dear brother is vanquished and a prisoner, thousands of the brave soldiery of France are slain, and the whole land is in mourning. Too great is the disgrace for endurance, and the unhappy Duke faints under his calamity, and presently sickens and dies, and Margaret is a widow. It was not until sinking under his sickness that she consented to see her dying husband, but she ministered to him in his closing days with the same assiduity as if he had been the husband of her love, and his sun were sinking without a cloud.

Meanwhile another calamity is impending over unhappy France. The enemies of the Reformation, especially the Sorbonne Parliament and University, are rekindling the fires of persecution, and, filled with "uncommon wrath," are bent upon the utter extermination of heresy from the land. Alarmed and exasperated at the favor of Margaret toward the new doctrines, they fain would have laid their bloody hands upon the Duchess herself, but she stood too near the throne that they should venture thus far. But the venerable Bishop of Meaux, who had entered deeply into the spirit of the reform, who was the spiritual adviser of Margaret, and in whom she had confided as a saint, was presently seized and held as one of the earliest victims. But this good Bishop was not of "the stuff of which martyrs are made," and, filled with the utmost consternation and alarm, he trod back upon his record as a reformer, consented to undo all he had accomplished for the reformation of his diocese, recanted what he had written, and thus escaped the scaffold and the flames. Not so with many others. The venerable Lefevre and the zealous Farel escaped beyond the frontier, but others were seized and brought to the stake. From motives of policy the regent, Louisa, mother of the captive King and of Margaret, failed to interfere with their work of death, and all the entreaties and tears of her daughter were in vain. Margaret then turns to her captive brother, away in bonds at Madrid, details to him the horrible proceedings of the Parliament at home, and begs his interposition. Francis

complies, and forwards his command that there be no more executions of heretics without his concurrence. Thus did the hand of Margaret avail to arrest, for the present, the wicked career of the persecutors. Immense was now the admiration of all good men, and they unite in calling her "*illustriissimæ Ducis Alenconiaë*," and all eyes were turned to her as the fair protectress of the persecuted and such as were ready to perish.

But this "illustrious duchess" was ill at ease. How could she rest when the brother she loved more than herself was a captive in a foreign land, and her country meanwhile exposed to one and another disastrous influence? As she meditated, and prayed, and wept, a strange resolution seized her: she determined to depart at once for Spain, to plead with the Emperor Charles for the release of her brother. Embassadors had, indeed, been commissioned for this important errand, and were already on the way, but this was not sufficient for Margaret. She must go herself. Great was her mother's reluctance to consent to such a step. The way was long and hazardous; she would go to an enemy's country; the monarch with whom she was to plead for her brother was both ambitious and perfidious; who may tell, said the weeping Louisa, but my daughter, instead of releasing her brother, may be compelled to share his captivity? But go she must. "My heart is fixed," she sung:

"My heart is fixed, and not the heaven above
From its firm purpose can my spirit move,
Nor hell, with all its powers, my course withstand,
For Jesus holds its keys within his hand."

A multitude failed to share the fears of her mother as the King's sister prepared for her departure. All eyes were turned upon her as the only person capable of extricating the nation from its perilous position. "Let Margaret in person make an appeal to the powerful Emperor and his ministers, and employ the admirable genius with which she was gifted in the effort to give liberty to her brother and her king."

And Margaret set out on her perilous and eventful journey, being accompanied by her mother, who would linger with her beloved child to the last possible moment. At the end of five days' leisurely journeying the mother turned back and the daughter went on. She came safely by sea to Barcelona, and traveled thence by land to Madrid. A very gracious reception awaited her from the Emperor and the Spanish grantees, but as she came to her captive brother it was to stand as if at the side of his dying bed. Almost too feeble was he to speak to her, or scarcely to recognize her beau-

tiful features. Partially prepared for this, however, was his weeping sister as she entered the sick-chamber, for she was apprised of his situation beforehand, and had hastened her journey accordingly. As she is coming she writes to him: "An hour seems to me a hundred years. My litter moves not, but appears to retreat. O, how long is the way to that goal where rests all my delight! When no one sees me my eyes weep sore; then to paper I confide my grief. Such is my mournful employ."

Yet under her unrelenting care and attention the King slowly rallied, like as one rising from the dead; and when danger seemed to have passed she at once set out for Toledo to procure from the Emperor, if it were possible, his release from captivity. Reaching Toledo, she immediately writes back to her brother—writes of her courteous reception, of fair and obliging words from the lips of the Emperor, together with expressions of sympathy for her captive brother. He insists that their conferences shall be by themselves alone, and accordingly at their second interview business began, and the considerations for the release of Francis were clearly proposed to the Emperor with all the grace and ingenuity of which Margaret was so capable. Of this interview she thus wrote to her brother: "Yesterday I went to visit the Emperor. I found him very guarded and cold in his demeanor. He took me apart into his room, with one lady to await me, but when there his discourse was not worth so great a secrecy, for he put me off in order to confer with his council, and will give me an answer to-day."

The conference of Margaret and the French ambassadors on the one part, and the Emperor and his ministers on the other, proved unavailing, inasmuch as the exorbitant demands of Charles could not be acceded to. Yet nothing could exceed the dignity, skill, and propriety with which the King's sister prosecuted her mission for his release, and her bearing and efforts during these few days in which she confronted the Emperor Charles V constitute one of the fascinating pages in the history of this eminent and royal lady.

With the failure of the negotiations she immediately returned, after an absence of about a fortnight, to her brother at Madrid. Here was another melancholy meeting, for he was again severely sick under a relapse of fever, while to cheer him Margaret had no joyful intelligence to communicate. All her labor seemed to have been in vain.

Nor yet was it entirely dark and cheerless. All Europe was contemplating with no ordinary

interest the beautiful spectacle of this sister's effort for her captive and royal brother, and many a missive bearing deep sympathy came to them from kings, statesmen, poets, philosophers, and theologians. Standing, one day soon after her return from Toledo, at the pillow of her sick brother, she read such words as these, just received from the great Erasmus, the literary Coryphæus of that age: "My fear and reluctance have yielded to the singular affection that I bear you, for long have I admired the many excellent gifts that God has endowed you with. He has given you prudence worthy of a philosopher, chastity, modesty, piety, invincible strength of mind, and a marvelous contempt for the vanities of the world. Who can refrain from admiring in the sister of a great king virtues so rare even among priests and monks? I would not even mention these virtues did I not assuredly know that you do not ascribe the merit of them to your own thoughts, but attribute all praise to the Lord and Author of good. . . . Your misfortune is great, I acknowledge, but no human event is terrible enough to overthrow a courage truly founded upon that immutable rock, Jesus Christ."

Grand and excellent words! Would that the same pen might have always moved so gracefully and so worthily! Count Sigismund for her comfort writes to her of the progress of the Reformation throughout Germany. She thanks him in reply, expressing at the same time her hope that the word of truth may continue to prevail. At first, said she, "there may be great impediment; but God is God, whose glory and victory are so essentially spiritual that he is the conqueror while the world deems him vanquished."

After returning to her brother at Madrid, Margaret remained with him about a month, when, in obedience to his wishes, she with great reluctance and with many tears bade him adieu to return to France. This parting with her beloved brother, and under circumstances so cheerless and hopeless, she ever afterward alluded to as the most painful moment of her life.

Her journey to France was almost every way unpleasant and gloomy. She was leaving her brother behind her, and it grieved her to the heart that each passing day was removing her further from him. The season was cold and dreary; roads were execrable; she must needs travel on horseback, while dispatch was necessary, and she must ride diligently from morning to evening, that she may escape out of Spain before her safe conduct should expire. She proceeded safely, however, and reached her

beloved France in time, and hastened to embrace her mother, who had come from Lyons to Rousillon to meet her.

It was about this time that Henri d'Albret, King of Navarre, and cousin of Margaret, escaped from his imprisonment in the Castle of Pavia, where he had been in close confinement ever since the disastrous defeat of Francis before that city. The young King was at this time twenty-two years of age, and is represented as possessing handsome features, with bearing erect and noble; also his mind was cultivated, and his temper frank, loyal, and chivalrous. He is further described as excelling in athletic exercises, surpassing most others in wrestling, tilting, fencing, racing, and horsemanship. Moreover, his love of learning was profound, and much of his leisure was devoted to the cultivation of letters. He excelled in oratory and argument, being a prompt and ready speaker, and surpassing in this respect most of the learned men of his time. In his communications with foreign princes and ambassadors they were said to have been carried away with his eloquence. "The torrent of his matchless learning broke upon them with such impetuosity that they were constrained to take refuge in silence, from their inability to elevate their minds to the soaring flights of that lofty and wonderful genius." He is further reported as tolerant in his religious opinions, and of a candid and inquiring mind.

Such was the young gentleman who, after his escape from his captivity at Pavia, visited the French court. He and Margaret had met before, but not of late years, and as he now saw her and conversed with her his heart was touched. His serious and inquiring spirit found delight and satisfaction in intimate companionship with his accomplished cousin. The warmest friendship soon united the two, while it essentially added to the interest of Margaret that he sympathized with her in her efforts to mitigate the severity of the edicts issued against the reformers.

The intimate association between such two persons as these could hardly be continued without serious consequences, and Henry was soon deeply in love with Margaret. She, on the other hand, though much interested in her cousin, was, however, for the present, less passionately fond of him, while her mother, Louisa, at once cordially favored their union, and even directed the marriage contract to be immediately drawn. Obstructions, however, intervened, and "the course of true love" was interrupted. Francis was about to be released

from his captivity, and, returning to resume his throne, his wishes in so important a matter as the marriage of his beloved sister must be, of course, consulted. So the whole arrangement must be held in abeyance, and be as if no step had yet been taken. Margaret was content, but far otherwise was it with her lover. Grave apprehensions disturbed his mind in respect to the temper and plans of the King. Nor were such apprehensions unfounded, for, to confirm an alliance with Henry VIII, of England, he, on returning to France, commenced negotiations for a union of his sister with that monarch. Henry, being determined on a divorce from Catherine of Arragon, would, in the mind of Francis, present a highly eligible match for his sister, while by such an arrangement the two powerful nations of England and France would become firmly allied, and by their united strength would be able to bid defiance to the rest of Europe, and especially to the Emperor Charles V, the puissant and hated rival of Francis. A fine political maneuver this, and a policy to which the heart of the French King was deeply devoted. But Henry had other plans to which he was equally devoted. He was in love with Anne Boleyn, and this was the interpretation of his zeal for a divorce from the virtuous Catherine, and he was determined at all hazards to rid himself of the latter and elevate the beautiful Anne to the throne.

Meanwhile Margaret contemplated her brother's plans with the disgust which they deserved, and was supremely happy to see them so completely thwarted. A second time had she escaped from a fate so miserable, and was thankful. What was the whole effect of her brother's efforts to espouse her to the English monarch is, of course, unknown to us. Certain it is, however, that her heart was now turning more kindly than ever before to her lover, Henry of Navarre, and her brother finally yielded a reluctant consent to their union.

The marriage ceremony was performed January 24, 1527, and the event was celebrated with extraordinary rejoicings. The King gave a grand banquet in honor of the occasion, and the festivities continued for the space of eight days or more, when the assembly dispersed. "The union was celebrated in prose and verse by all the poets and learned men of Europe. . . . Poems, allegories, letters, orations, and addresses, written in the learned languages and in every modern tongue of Europe, rendered homage to Margaret's popularity and renown, and to the universal sympathy felt in her fate." It was, with slight exceptions, a happy union, and Margaret had at length found the husband

fitted to her temperament, taste, and wishes, and entered upon the happiness which she so richly deserved.

And here we must abruptly close our imperfect sketch. Twenty-three years were meted out to Margaret as Queen of Navarre, years unsullied by a stain, rich with good deeds, and as happy as are wont to fall to the lot of royal personages. Two beautiful children crowned her union with Henry, one of whom, however, an infant son, she buried with unspeakable sorrow. Her mother, also, and her brother, preceded her to the tomb, and near the close of 1549 her own time came, dying in peace after a gradual decline, leaving a husband disconsolate and a land in mourning for the loss of one of the loveliest of the daughters of men.

ONLY A LITTLE FLOWER.

A STORY FOR CHRISTMAS.

WALTER GRIFFITH was a man that few persons liked, and I often mentally referred to this fact, as an apology to my own conscience, for my ready acquiescence in this popular judgment. Yet he was to nearly all who knew him the impersonation of honesty and success in a commercial way. The circles of moneyed men recognized his large wealth, patiently and legitimately acquired, his wonderful mastery of the best business methods, and the generous deference that he constantly paid to honest, manly success. There were not a few merchants in the city who confessed that the happy turn in their business that brought them fortune, came of listening to his advice. But he was very cautious in giving any thing more than advice. Indeed, none who really knew him ever expected any thing of that sort, and he was a presumptuous man who dared to approach him with the expectation of material assistance. There were legends of two or three inconsiderate ones, years ago, whose necessities or sanguine natures had beguiled them into such hopes, but his short, brisk manner of dealing with them and his sharp words had never been forgotten.

His well-known figure and manner can not receive justice from such an unpracticed pen as mine, yet you could scarcely understand him without having a glimpse of his personal appearance. He was tall of figure, slightly made, and dressed with scrupulous cleanliness, but not very neatly, and entirely without the taint of fastidiousness that often characterizes gentlemen of his class. His bearing indicated a large degree of self-respect. At first sight you

might have suspected that he was a minister who had passed into a college professor, or the head of a ladies' boarding-school, for he had all the smaller proprieties of these professions. But a glance at the face could not fail to put all such suggestions at a distance. The cold, sparkling blue eye, the thin lips, the habit of self-possession and assurance of skill in business affairs, told you plainly that his training was not the result of the school-room, nor had he grown in the seclusion of a pastor's study. The world had put her stamp upon him. He entirely lacked that air of mustiness that I have often detected in quiet, decayed gentlemen who much resembled him in general appearance. You could not doubt that his mind was of singular freshness, skeptical, perhaps, and deficient in imagination—a wise man, but without breadth of knowledge.

He had not as much faith in other men as he had in himself. For he had been all his days industrious and honest, and he had discovered what shiftlessness and dishonesty intralled many whom he had known. But his faith in himself must not be confounded with that offensive self-assertion that we meet on the street every day. No one could be farther from such weakness than he was. His faith in himself had grown with his life, as he rose step by step from being a poor boy to success in business. It was based upon a broad acquaintance with the technicalities and special information necessary to one in his position. He had no patience with idlers and speculative schemers, and had the most absolute detestation of rogues of all kinds. But his greatest abhorrence was that class of incapables who hang on society, hopeful and unsuccessful, appealing for help rather than charity; unfortunate in their ventures, and unconscious of their feebleness.

Walter Griffith had been, as I said, a poor boy; but he was not slow in winning the confidence of his employers by honesty and diligence, and a nice sense of business methods. When I first began to know him, thirty years ago or more, he had opened a small store, aided in his ventures by his former employers. He did not accumulate rapidly, for he took no part in the speculations with which the country was then wild; but economy, diligence, and practical sense added daily to his gains. So when, a few years after, commercial panic, attended by the wide-spread ruin that always succeeds these mad speculative periods, overtook the men who were engaged in business, he gained great advantages and fortune flowed into his hands. Year by year he grew richer and more influential. Men coveted his success and honored

him after a manner, but none admired his character. He had no real friends, for there was no warmth or sympathy in his nature. But he was a man who never seemed conscious of wanting any thing; nor was he in the least envious of others' success in business, or elevation in the social scale.

His home appeared to contain all that he needed, in a social way, and secured him content. There were three in the family besides himself. His father had died while he was a mere boy, leaving a youngish wife, two daughters and Walter, who was the youngest of the children. The mother was a plain, serious woman, of few words and quiet ways; devoted to her children and content with a retired life free from all worldly ambitions. She never appeared to have recovered from the loss of her husband, who had been snatched away from her side by sudden sickness. She did not seek social advantages either for herself or for her children, as Walter grew in wealth and importance. Nor did she shrink back when death came, restoring the ties which he had sundered years before.

Walter's older sister, Laura, seemed as nearly the duplicate of himself as a sister could be. Their personal appearance and mental characteristics had so many points in common that it was the subject of remark by all who knew them. She was the only one of the family with whom he talked about his business, or on commercial topics. Nor did he ever directly ask her advice; yet it was plainly to be seen that he put confidence in her judgment, and was glad to find that she agreed with him. She ought to have been his confidential clerk, but he was no radical to introduce new customs. Signs of physical decay began to show themselves while she was yet a girl, and before the tokens of mourning had been laid aside for the mother's death, she had gone quietly away, and not a score beyond the household knew of her absence. For a month or two Walter showed how lost he was without her presence, and then, as far as human eye could perceive, his life flowed on in its usual currents.

The younger sister, who now remained and had care of the household affairs, was one of that class who have been dwarfed by their surroundings, and we are always surmising what they might have done or become under more fortunate circumstances. Miranda Griffith was unlike the rest of the family in having a healthy physical nature. Life was not a burden and experience of aches and fears, as it had been to the mother and sister. You knew this at once by the plump, rather undersized, but

vigorous figure, the merry-making hidden away in her hazel eyes, and floating smiles that drifted to and fro in unrestrained wanderings. Sometimes, when she was entirely alone, snatches of songs, chiefly religious and such as partook largely of an emotional character, found way to her lips, in such sweetness and simplicity of melody that they revealed a tender heart, with such experiences as only love can give. There was no abandon in all this; the restraint of the household had fallen upon her, but some stray rays of sunlight had found their way also. This was the secret of her life; her soul was nourished by a tender affection which neither time nor opportunity had permitted to ripen rapidly. She had all the quiet happiness of a Summer day-dream, and happily escaped the fears and anxieties of those who have larger liberties. Good fortune is apt to follow such natures, and her lover came unexpectedly to claim her as a faithful wife. Walter groaned inwardly when he found himself alone in the only place familiar to him except the marts of business.

How lonely the house was! But his attachment to the place increased, and for the first time in years there were signs of improvement. After all, painter and carpenter applied their arts to little purpose. The spirit of the master had passed into the premises and was not to be exorcised in any such rude way. But the attempt was such an event in itself that it was bandied about on 'change that Griffith was about to be married. At last the jest came to his ear, and the wild young fellow that was the occasion of it was haunted for years by the painful emotion which mastered for a moment Walter's usually impassible countenance.

An old man and his wife who had lived in the house some years, the man as a kind of confidential servant, and the woman gradually growing into the position of housekeeper, were the only ones who shared the shelter of his roof. It was painful to see one so lonely, so entirely cut off from the sympathies of those who would have been glad to help make his life cheerful. If Walter Griffith's heart ever fashioned a plea for affection, or uttered a cry for help, no ear of man heard it. He attended upon his business in the old accustomed way. Those who observed him closely, however, said that it was not so much interest as occupation that he sought. How could he give up the habits of a life-time? Had he been of a literary turn, or had he taken interest in the great charities of the city, life would not have rested too heavily upon him, and exacted such pitiless reckoning. As time wore on the thin lips that

had been so miserly of speech began to babble in a stealthy way, and his eyes lost their steadiness and penetration. Men who had known him for years were amazed to see the flagging step and uncertain gait of the man whose strong nerves and reserved strength had passed into a proverb.

Therefore I was not greatly surprised to read in the morning papers that he was dead. Three days before I had noticed him on the street, with a little girl at his side who appeared in some way attached to him—a most unusual thing. She was going with him on some errand, I said to myself, as I turned and looked back at his feeble steps, and thought no more of it. But so soon had he passed away and so quietly, that I was conscious of a loss. It was but a little way to his place of residence, and I was not long in finding it. His old confidential servant and friend met me at the door, and we stood in the hall while he recited to me with a trembling voice what he knew of his last moments.

He had gone to the door of his sleeping-room in the morning, and rapped as his custom was, and gone away. They waited longer than usual for him, but he did not appear. How strange it was that he did not come down with his unvarying promptness! "The master is failing," he said in an easy way, and slowly mounted the steps again. No answer came to his renewed knocking, and he grew nervous, and a vague fear came over him that death had come before him, and that the sleeper had obeyed his summons. Gliding noiselessly and with a pale face into the waiting-room, the old lady grasped the mystery at once, and sat down and hid her face, and began to sob like a child. At last they reached the chamber door, and when it was opened their eyes saw what their hearts had already divined. Walter Griffith was pale and cold in death, having died all alone, in the same loneliness that he had lived. No child could have fallen asleep in death easier than he had done; no sign of pain, or weariness, or anxiety remained on his manly face. Hovering over his lips was a tender smile, such as we see in the vanishing warmth of the evening clouds, or in the unfolding blush of a peaceful morning.

During the afternoon I called at the house again, and looked upon the sleeper's face, and saw it as I have described it. Tender hands had arrayed the body for the coffin, and I wondered whose they were. The old servant was wandering about in a stricken, bewildered manner, and I asked him whether many persons had called. Name after name he mentioned,

honored in the circles of trade and wealth. And then, after a moment of quiet, he went on,

"Little Katie was here, too, as she has been every day for a long time. When she saw he was dead, I did think that the sweet child's heart would break. And well she may take his loss to heart, for he was cleverer to her than any body else in the world, not ever excepting myself and wife."

"Where is she now?" said I.

"She went away this morning, and came back again after you were here. Do you see, sir, she brought this flower and put it just where it is. It's only a little flower, sir, but if I were the dead man I would rather have it from her hands than the silver plate and all that which they'll put on the coffin."

"Do you see, sir," he continued, for I found no words on my tongue to interrupt him, "how beautiful it is, and how pure its feeble fragrance is? It's a white chrysanthemum. The dear child do n't know, I'm sure, how appropriate it is!"

"And who is this little Katie?" said I, no longer able to restrain my curiosity.

"Ah, yes. I see you do n't know any thing about her, for you have scarcely called at the house since she began to come here. Well, sir, she was a dear little soul that he took a fancy to. I do n't know how, for you know he never had much to say to any one. But here is Katie herself, and she will tell you more than I can, if you wish to know it."

He had recognized her footsteps in the outer room, and was rising to admit her to the room in which we sat and talked. A little, pleasant-faced, tenderly cared-for girl of not more than ten years came in. She was timid, but not shy, as I approached and put out my hand.

"This gentleman, Katie," said the old man in a confidential way, "was a great friend of Mr. Griffith, and you'll tell him any thing he wishes to know."

As he passed out of the room, her eyes following him as if she wished to accompany him, her face greatly interested me. It had that peculiar character of intelligence which a child's face gets only from having been alone much and in the midst of suffering. But you would say that she was now more hopeful and happily situated.

It was not difficult for me to draw her into conversation, for she had evidently associated much with those of mature years. By leading questions she was induced to tell me all I wished to know—her connection with Walter Griffith. The recital was artless, and at times affected me greatly, partly from the feeling and sincerity

which marked all she said, and partly because, as you will see, it taught me a lesson of charity. But you shall have some portions of it, at least, in her own words.

"Ma and I have lived alone ever since pa died. He was with Mr. Griffith, at his store, when he and ma were married. But ma says he did n't like Mr. Griffith much—it must have been," she said in an earnest tone, "because he did n't know him well—and he went away to get better wages. Then, only three years ago, pa died of a fever, and ma and I were all alone. But ma took in sewing, and I went to school, and we were happy, after all."

"But just as last Winter came on, ma grew sick, and one day came when we had no money. I shall never forget it, for it was Christmas, and ma was growing worse, and cried nearly all day. I cried, too, because she was sick and down-hearted, and all the children were in the streets and were so happy, and had Christmas gifts, and I had none. Ma, when it was beginning to grow dark, fell asleep, and I went out and stood at the gate. So many children went laughing by, in nice new dresses, and I had none, that before I knew it I began to cry again. I could n't help it, for ma was sick, and we had no money, and all the children were happy and had Christmas gifts, and I had none."

"All of a sudden a man spoke to me, but his voice was sharp, and I thought he was scolding me. But when I understood him he wanted to know why I was crying—what was the matter with me. I said nothing was the matter, and he went on, only a few steps, and then looked back. Then he went on again a few steps, and then came back where I was still standing. He began to talk to me, but his voice was so changed that I scarcely thought it was the same man. He said, only last week, when I asked him why he came back, that it was his good angel that sent him back. When he asked me what my mother's name was, and I told him, he quickly asked me if my father's name was David Wickham, and I said it was."

"Ah," said he, "he was my old clerk, and ought never to have left me. I must go in and see your mother."

"How ma was frightened when he came in! But when he said his name was Walter Griffith she was no longer afraid. She told him how pa had died, and how poor we were, and there were more tears in his eyes than in ma's. O, you do n't know how happy I was, for I knew at once that God had sent him in answer to ma's prayers, and that we would never want any more. I can't tell you all he said, but he took me by the hand just as pa used to do, and

we went out into the street. The lamps were burning and the children were shouting, but none of them were so happy as I was. When we came back I had my Christmas gift, and so had ma, and it was the happiest time we ever had.

"He came again next day, and brought a woman to take care of ma, and we had every thing we wanted. And when Spring came, and ma was well again, he would take me out walking with him. Then I came often here to this house, and sometimes he would take me into his room, where he died. You don't know how good he was. I loved him better than any one in the world except ma."

Her voice, that had been growing tremulous, now gave way, and I did not disturb her sobbing. So, then, said I to myself, Walter Griffith, whose cold heart and hard ways have been my aversion, has as true a mourner here as ever shed a tear, and it is not undeserved. This little heart found the way to his and unlocked its hidden tenderness, and has been enriched by its wealth. Walter Griffith was not mistaken. God had not forsaken him; it was my sight that was feeble, and my judgment that was narrow. God had sent his good angel, and made a child's tears the instrument of his Spirit. How wonderfully, in my mind, had the unlovable features of this man grown tender, and my heart gone out in sympathy with Katie's as her loving story entranced me! Who can tell what warmth and autumnal ripeness were evolved in those last days in the fellowship of this pure child and the prayers of his quiet room, conscious as he was that his steps were tending to the silent river, and having learned the blessedness of loving?

"Ah, sir," said his old friend and servant, who without doubt surmised what was passing in my thoughts, "he was a greatly changed man in his last days, tender as a woman and loving as a child. Two days ago he said to me, 'John, God has won me from the world.' You don't know what a heart he had when once it was opened."

He brought me the will, and when I read how wisely he had disposed of his wealth, how the sister and her children, the widow and her child that God's providence had cast in his way, the old confidential servant and his wife had been provided for, I could not but say, Not for these deeds of goodness, but by the grace that wrought the changed heart and prompted them, this man's name must be written in the book of life.

And when I rose to go, and looked again on the familiar face, it seemed to me that the

smile had grown brighter and purer till the whole face was transformed—that the pure white flower which Katie's loving hands and heart had chosen was the proper emblem of this life that had not unfolded its beauty and fragrance of goodness until the frosts of age had tendered it, and God had fashioned it at last into the image of the heavenly.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

IN MANY centuries ago there was upon the "Father Thames" a desolate moor, known as Thorny Island, overgrown with thorns, and often flooded by the rushing waters that flowed beside it. Here, legend says, King Sebert, twelve hundred years ago, founded a monastery, which being west of London, was called the Minster of the West. This was the early origin of Westminster Abbey. The story of its foundation is interwoven with a world of legend and poetry, so much so, that the origin of all other monuments is commonplace beside it.

All we know positively is that it was thus early founded, and that there dwelt within its walls a few Benedictine monks, under the rule of an abbot. Thus we find it in the time of Edward, last of Saxon and first of Norman kings. Conforming to a vow that he had made when an exile, far from home, he sought to build a monastery. Dreams and visions, it is said, directed him to the little minster west of London, and he resolved to rebuild it; and, to superintend the work, went to live near by, and abbey and palace grew up together. Thus early was linked together Church and State. One-tenth of all the property of the kingdom was spent upon it, and it became a marvel of its kind. It was the first of that old mediæval style of architecture, which afterward spread over Europe, covering it with edifices which must ever be the delight and despair of all time—that lofty and elegant style, afterward called in derision Gothic. Cruciform it was, an expression of the fervor with which the monks of the tenth century commemorated the crucifixion. Enough still remains to show us that it must have been a glorious structure, as it stood entire, on the morning when its fair-haired, and afterward sainted founder, was borne to his magnificent last abode within its walls. It was fitting that the building that he had reared with so much care—his life-work—should become his monument and tomb; fitting, too, that his successor, the stout-hearted conqueror, should, out of reverence for the

beloved dead, be crowned beside his grave. Thus was inaugurated that long and splendid line of coronations that have taken place within the Abbey, the like of which no edifice in the world can boast. The Cathedral at Reims, in France, competes with it, but that is now deserted, and for many generations England's kings have not only been crowned, but have lived, died, and been buried at Westminster.

By Henry III it was again rebuilt in all the magnificence in which it stands to-day. No expense was spared, and foreign painters and sculptors were invited to exert their utmost skill upon it. When we remember how he convulsed his kingdom by his extravagance upon it, we may be reconciled to our poor little churches across the sea. Some changes have been made since then. In the time of the Reformation the monks were pensioned and dismissed. Henry VII's chapel now rears its fretted dome upon the eastern front. Upon the west have been lain the sacrilegious hands of modern art. It is unfortunate that the great Christopher Wren took a fancy to measure himself against Gothic builders, and finish, and improve their work. In the incongruity of the towers, with the other parts of the Abbey, he has left a monument of his inferiority to the mere traveling masons of the thirteenth century, whose names are utterly forgotten.

The north transept remains unchanged, save the corroding changes time has wrought. His agents—London's smoke and fog—have done their work upon its delicately chiseled stones. Yet who can stand, without emotion, before this glorious entrance, whose wall has gathered the mildew and the mold of ages! For hundreds of years the pompous trains, assembled to grace the coronations and burials of England's kings and queens, have been ushered beneath this portico, once so magnificent, it won the title of Solomon's Porch. It is still wonderful in its decay, although ruthless hands have torn away its rarest ornaments. Emotion deepens as you enter and stand beneath the high-vaulted roof. Groups are gathered here and there, but an awe and reverence holds them speechless. You forget that London's din and turmoil is just outside. You imagine that the desolate moor is still there, and that the old abbot that sleeps beneath the pavement at your feet still rules within; that the Thames has not yet gathered upon its banks Oxford, Windsor, and Richmond, and farther down, the commerce and the power of the world.

But the Abbey is not alone venerable for its solemn beauty and many and varied associations. It is the sepulcher of kings and king-

like men that endears it most perhaps, not only to every Englishman, but to every student of history, and every lover of English literature. The chapel of Henry VII, that miracle of the world, as Leland calls it, has gathered within its walls the fierce Norman, the proud Plantagenet, the grasping Tudor, the fickle Stuart, and many long-forgotten names of friends and favorites of royal households. The magnificent tombs, surrounded by walls, clustered columns and pointed arches, crowned with a wild luxuriance of ornament and overhung by the silken banners of the knights, and the exquisite, fan-like tracery of the roof, present a picture which once seen can never be forgotten.

What a superb scene it must have presented before the Reformation, when its altar was adorned with golden plate, embroidered draperies, costly crucifixes, and splendid jewels! How glorious and yet how solemn must have been the religious services, with the glow of lamps and tapers, the glittering vestments of the priests, the rich harmony of music, and all the pomp and ceremony peculiar to the ancient English worship!

The central tomb contains the ashes of one who, though weak and erring, rests his claim of being here upon his artless purity and simple goodness, for it is the tomb of the sainted founder, Edward the Confessor. Here thousands of pilgrims have knelt with profound reverence to offer fervent prayers at the altar of its even now splendid shrine. Upon a screen the real and imaginary events of his life are commemorated in bass-relief. The most striking scene, because, perhaps, the most probable, is the one that commemorates his restoring of the sick to health, for his touch is said to have had the gift of healing. About him are gathered some of the bravest and best of England's kings. Here is the tomb of Henry V, representing the two kingdoms he united by the figures of St. George and St. Denys, patrons of England and France. Aloft is hung his helmet, scarred with warfare, for it is the same that saved his life on the eventful day of Agincourt. Some of the tombs are landmarks in English history. Such is the tomb of the famous Elizabeth. The figure of the queen resembles the best of her portraits. The face is strong and dignified, the figure clad in royal attire. No crown is upon her beautiful brows, the hand is scepterless. She is buried in the same tomb with her sister Mary. The daughter of Catherine of Aragon and Anne Boleyn rest together in peace at last. Here also is the monument of the beautiful and accomplished Mary Queen of Scots, erected

by her son King James after his accession to the English throne. He also erected the tomb of Elizabeth, and has proved his devotion to his mother by making her tomb tower high above her persecutors, as does her fame in the mind of every one who has sympathy for the unfortunate. The body of the great Protector once rested in this chapel. After the Restoration vile hands invaded even this sanctuary to dig up, hang, and bury the remains in ignominy. No stone or monument marks the spot where once one of England's greatest rulers lay.

The custom of erecting royal tombs has passed away, and other persons besides kings occupy the public mind, and this venerable Abbey has opened its doors to every form of mind and genius. Soldiers, statesmen, musicians, and poets here find their respective niches. The story of our Revolution is suggested by the tomb of Major André. The inscription upon it states that he fell a sacrifice to his zeal for his country and his king. Some unruly republican has stolen away the hands.

But the Mecca toward which all feet must ever turn is the familiar Poet's Corner. As you enter the Abbey from Abingdon-street you find a galaxy of illustrious names about you. Here is Chaucer, Spenser, Thomson, Milton, and a bust upon which simply is written, "O rare Ben Jonson!" Goldsmith, too, is here, Thackeray, Macaulay, and a host of others culminating in the name of William Shakspeare. The glorious figure points to a scroll upon which is written his own matchless words:

"The cloud-capped towers,
The gorgeous palaces,
The great globe itself
And all which it inherits
Shall dissolve,
And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leave not a rack behind."

Just across the aisle, written in gilded letters upon the gray flagging-stone, is the name Charles Dickens. All linger fondly over this simple grave-stone, and no name is pronounced so tenderly and reverently as his. Close at hand is the magnificent tomb of Handel. He is represented as listening to celestial strains. Before him, supported by musical instruments, is his sublime composition, the Messiah. The open page exhibits the air, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the last day upon the earth." For many years his glorious strains were heard echoing through this abbey church, for it was the theater of those grand musical performances commemorating the illustrious composer.

Taken altogether, this is one of the wonderful buildings of the world. As a work of art

it stands alone. Every style of Gothic architecture is represented here, from the grand and solemn Norman to the airy and elegant pointed, and the effect is one of exquisite proportion and artistic beauty. As an historic monument it stands alone. Other buildings may have been the theater of scenes more sudden and thrilling, but it is excelled by none in its long line of gorgeous pageantry. As a church it stands alone. One can not fail to be enchanted by the service of the Church of England as it is conducted here every afternoon, with the venerable dean in the pulpit, the long white-robed choir chanting the responses, assisted by the deep-toned organ and the great congregation. Above you is that wondrously carved and gilded roof. The massively clustered columns of dark marble add grandeur to the whole effect, and a subdued light is shed over all from the great rose window. Add to this the tombs of the illustrious dead all about you, and who can conceive a grander temple for divine worship?

JERUSALEM TRODDEN DOWN OF THE GENTILES.

JERUSALEM, as it now stands, bears no mark of being any thing save a city of the Gentiles. There is nothing Jewish about either the inhabitants or their dwellings. It is as truly Gentile in its aspect, and customs, and buildings, in its bazaars, and thoroughfares, and costumes, as Alexandria or Cairo. In passing through it no one feels this is Israel's capital—nay, no one would be led to say this is a city of Israel at all. It does not retain one Jewish feature, save in those parts which can not change—its rocks, its valleys, its hills. These are the same as in other ages, and they are the only unchanged memorials of the wondrous city, beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth.

Yes, Jerusalem, as it now stands, is a Gentile city. Its walls, and towers, and gates, and streets are all in the hands of the stranger. One can not pass along its streets or look down from some height upon its desolations without feeling that the "times of the Gentiles" have not yet run their course. Jerusalem is the standing proof of this transference of dominion from Jew to Gentile, the great exhibition of Jewish degradation and Gentile supremacy in the earth. These times of the Gentiles have lasted long; they may be said to have begun in the age of Nebuchadnezzar; they may, perhaps, be fast running out; but

they are not yet ended, and the evidence of this—even were there no other—is Jerusalem.

The Turkish Empire may be feeble and ready to crumble into fragments, still its sovereign is the lord of Jerusalem. The Egyptian Viceroy may be a hated tyrant, ruling over his own Arabs with an iron rod, still he bears sway in Jerusalem. The kingdoms of Europe may be divided among themselves, some of them hardly able to maintain their own throne and crown, still the consul of the weakest of them exercises more authority in Jerusalem than all the Jews together. The Arab, the Egyptian, the Greek, the Latin, all have some kind or amount of influence in Jerusalem; the Jew alone has none. The various nations of East and West have their political representatives in Jerusalem; the Jew alone has none. Without power, or influence, or weight, he is exposed to the oppression of every Gentile whom covetousness, or malignity, or pride may stir up against him. He has no protector, no friend, no impartial judge.

It is not, however, of the Jew himself, but of his city, that we mean to speak. On him, no doubt, the rod of the Gentile has lain, in all its weight and sharpness, for ages; on his hands and feet have the fetters of the stranger been fastened; but still it is specially of his city, his metropolis, that the Lord speaks when he uttered the prediction, "Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the Gentiles until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled." It was specially of the city and its temple that he had been speaking in the commencement of the chapter, and hence it is specially on its doom that he dwells. It was the magnitude of its buildings that had called forth the admiration of the disciples—as if its greatness could never be affected by time, nor its glory turned into shame—so it is specially the desolation of this; their magnificent metropolis, that he predicts—destruction to be perpetrated by Gentile hands; destruction not such as that wrought by Nebuchadnezzar or Antiochus, from which the city was, in the course of a generation, to rise with renewed splendor, but destruction to be prolonged for ages—ages during which Israel was to be scattered like the leaves over all the earth, and Israel's city was to be not merely in the hands of, but under the feet of the Gentile oppressor.

All the four Gentile monarchies have in their turn trodden down Jerusalem. First came the Babylonian, then the Persian, then the Greek, and then the Roman, and the representatives of these may be said at the present day to have their feet upon the city. Every part of it they

have trampled down, and on every part of it are they still trampling. Hence it is that every vestige of ancient Jerusalem has been obliterated. Its stones, indeed, are there, vast and massive, but they are tossed hither and thither, and some of the finest and greatest occupy the obscure corner of a wall, or are buried under some modern structure, as if these only relics of former greatness that survive were to be used for the treading of Gentile feet or the foundations of Gentile walls and towers. No place of honor has been assigned by the Gentile to these stupendous fragments. He has treated the very stones of the temple as only fit to be trodden on or cast out of sight.

Ancient Jerusalem has completely passed away—or rather, we should say, has been buried under ground—and it is upon the top of this city that the modern Jerusalem stands. Hardly has any city been so completely ruined as has Jerusalem by the various Gentile nations that have held it in subjection. In token of the utter ruin to which they had reduced it, it is said that the Romans plowed it up—or at least made their plow to pass over it—as an emblem of its complete and hopeless overthrow. Thus it may be said that each Gentile possessor has acted. They have driven their plows remorselessly over its ruins till every trace of the beautiful city has been obliterated, so that it stands before us, not like Samaria, a city that has fallen into ruins, and sunk, as it were, by its own weight, but as a city which has been first laid in ruins by some hostile hand, and then had these ruins tossed hither and thither, mingled and re-mingled in wasteful confusion, till nothing has been left which might tell either of the splendor of its early greatness or of the grandeur of its sad decay. Across its ruins first went the plow of Rome in the first century. In after centuries came the so-called Christian occupants, the Greeks and Latins, who defaced it with their wretched superstitions. Then came the Saracen, and drove his plow across these ruins once more. Then came the Crusader, and plowed up the ruins once more. Then again came the Turk, and re-plowed the whole. Since that, during the last three or four centuries, all Gentile nations may be said to have been doing this same work. The Gentile does what he pleases with the dust of Jerusalem. The Jew looks on, but can only sigh. He sees the Gentile turning the very foundations of his city upside down, and casting out the memorials of the once glorious Jerusalem, but he can not utter a word. He is, no doubt, the descendant of David, the representative of its rightful lords, the true heir

of the city and the land, but he dares not interpose. The Gentile is his lord, and he may do with himself, with his city, and with its dust all that caprice, or cruelty, or pride may dictate. "Jerusalem is trodden down of the Gentiles." When looking on such a scene, or hearing the report of such desolations, with what point, as well as power, do the words of Scripture come home to us, "Behold, I am bringing evil upon Jerusalem and upon Judah, that whosoever heareth of it, both his ears shall tingle; . . . and I will wipe Jerusalem as a man wipeth a dish, wiping it, and turning it upside down." 2 Kings xxi, 12, 13.

The foot of the Gentile is every-where, both in Jerusalem itself and in that region which surrounds it—that girdle of hills and valleys that formed at once its ornament and its bulwark. Look where you will, and you will find the traces of Gentile lordship, if not of Gentile oppression.

Suppose we take our seat upon the slope of the Mount of Olives, which commands so full and so fair a prospect of the city. Look behind you, before you, around you, beneath you, you see the traces of this down-treading. Look behind you, and there upon the top of Olivet you have two things: First, an Arab village, filled with poverty and filth, whose inhabitants hate the Jew and worship the impostor of the East. Then you have what is called the Church of the Ascension, pretending to mark the spot from which the Lord ascended, but desecrating the scene by its Gentile mockeries of superstition, and holding up before the eye of the Jew, and in full view of Jerusalem, an amount of abominable idolatry such as even Babylon of old did not surpass.

Look beneath you, where the valley of the Kedron winds along, and there, just at the extremity of Gethsemane, and hard by that bridge by which the Lord must so often have crossed on his way to Bethany, you see another Latin or Greek erection—the Tomb of the Virgin—as if the apostate Gentile Church had seized upon the holiest spots for parading its mummeries before the eye of the Jew.

Lift up the eye, and you see the slope of Moriah, from Kedron up to the walls of the city, covered with the tombs of the Gentile. It is the Moslem burying-ground. They have chosen Moriah for their place of sepulture, as if to defile the sacred hill with ashes—as if to prevent its being recognized as a spot which Israel had ever occupied. The whole side of the hill is hidden by the white tombstones which in thousands lie scattered over that sloping platform, where not the debris of the

city, but the dust of the temple, lies buried. The bones of the Gentile unbeliever have been scattered over the most sacred spots of the city. Nay, and it would seem, too, as if this spot had been chosen in mockery of the Jew, for, while the Gentile burying-ground thus occupies the temple hill, the eastern slope of Moriah, the Jewish burying-ground, where they and their fathers have laid their dead from time beyond memory, lies opposite, on the slope of the valley of Jehoshaphat, which ascends to the Mount of Olives. The ashes of the Jew seem cast out of their own city and precincts, and the Gentile occupies the place where they should have been.

But look a little higher still, and there, on Moriah itself, stands the Mosque of Omar, inclosing the whole area of the temple. That Mosque alone, into which no Jew can enter, and hardly ever any Christian—were there nothing else—points to the treading-down of Jerusalem by the Gentiles. The great temple of the Eastern impostor, the finest Mohammedan structure in the world, save Mecca, stands upon the ruins of Israel's shrine; and that strange mass of rock, which seems to have been the spot where the holy of holies was, and which remains to this day untouched by the tool of man, as in the days of Araunah the Jebusite, has been fixed upon by the Moslem as the place over which the spacious dome of the mosque has been built. The Gentile has not merely entered into the sanctuary, and made it a desolation; he has not merely trodden it down and desecrated it, but he has erected over the holiest spot of all the great monument of his false faith—the manifestation of his hatred to the Jew, and his determination, not merely to defile their city and their temple, but to make that defilement and down-treading perpetual.

But pass beyond the mosque, and look over the city. There you have mosques and minarets—I was almost about to say without number—all of them symbols of the great down-treading. Besides these you have the churches and convents of the Greek and Roman apostasy rising in different parts; and in these there is even bitterer enmity to the Jew than in the Moslem mosque. They have planted upon the ruins of the desolate city, and on the head of the hapless Jew, the foot of more remorseless hatred and persecution than has been done by the blind devotees of Mohammed. They are the great treaders-down of Jerusalem; nor are they less to be accounted so because they take the name of Christ into their lips, dedicate churches to his name, and build tombs in honor of his saints.

Look again over the fair city as it lies before you on that sunny slope, and see the flags of many nations waving in the wind. At each Consulate these banners are flying; but they are all Gentile, and seem as if waving over a conquered city. The banners of all Europe are there, and distant America as well, with all varied symbols, such as the French eagle and the British lion. But in all that array of banners the Jew has no place. He has no emblem, no banner. The lion of the tribe of Judah, the wolf of Benjamin, the stag of Naphtali, or the vine-branch of Joseph—these have no place in that gay display of national emblems. For this is the day of Gentile sovereignty, and the Jew is reaping the sorrow and the degradation which he has sown. Their sin has found them out, and has been tracking them for ages. Blood is upon them! The cry of innocent blood has risen up against them. "We have no king but Cæsar!" was their shout when they rejected their own Messiah; and that Gentile supremacy which they thus chose for themselves has been manifesting itself, age after age, in a hundred various forms—oppression, persecution, contempt, extortion, bondage, denial of privilege, and rule, and honor—even in their own city. Not only does the Jew not rule the Gentile anywhere, but he is not allowed to rule himself, even in his own land. The scepter of Judah has departed, and in its place has come the iron rod of the Gentile—the prison, the chain, the sword. And the center of all Jewish calamity, the scene of Israel's lowest humiliation, has ever been Jerusalem, whose special doom has been to be trodden down of the Gentiles.

Different from all other desolations has been the desolation of the once holy city—a sorrow and a ruin peculiar to herself. Her ruin has not been like that of Sodom, which the Lord overthrew in a morning, and covered with a veil of waters which has never since been removed. Not like Samaria, whose glorious beauty was to be a fading flower, as the hasty fruit before the Summer (Isaiah). Not like Gaza, on which baldness was to come (Jer. xlvii, 5). Nor like Ar or Kir of Moab, which were to be laid waste and brought to silence (Isaiah xv, 1). Not like Bozrah, which was to be a perpetual waste (Jer. xlix, 13). Not like Damascus, of which we read, "I will kindle a fire in Damascus" (Jer. xlix, 27). Not like Babylon, which was to be a desolation; a dry land, a wilderness, a land where no man dwelleth (Jer. li, 43). Not like Sidon, of which it is written, "I will send unto her pestilence and blood" (Ezek. xxviii, 23). Not like Tyre, of which it was prophesied, "I will bring up the

deep upon thee, and great waters shall cover thee" (Ezek. xxvi, 19). Not like Egypt, of which it is said, "I will spread out my net over thee with a company of many people; I will leave thee upon the land, I will cast thee forth upon the open field, and I will lay thy flesh upon the mountains" (Ezek. xxiii, 3-5). Not like the doom of those nations or cities has been the doom of Jerusalem, but something altogether her own. Her sin was peculiar, and so has been her judgment. She exalted herself above the Gentiles; she has been trodden down by them. She gloried in her honors as if she were the mistress of all the kingdoms of the world; she has been placed not merely under the power, but under the very feet of the Gentiles; and the spot which of all others has been most degraded has been that very temple of which she boasted as the badge of Jehovah's favor, which could never be taken from her.

How true do we find it to be that as each sinner has his own sin, so has each sin its own judgment! For God does not smite at random, nor punish without special reason and meaning. Yet not less truly is there judgment for each sin and condemnation for each sinner, than there is the one great cleansing which would have sufficed even Jerusalem if she would but have known it in her day—a cleansing which suffices to this hour, for any sinner upon earth, whether Gentile or Jew, for there is no difference; for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God.

"HE THAT KEEPETH THEE."

WHEN the night-watch is long, and its shadows appall,

I cry to my Lord, and he lists to my call;
He sendeth his angels on swift-coming wings
To sing in my soul of his heavenly things;
And from their bright presence my tremblings depart,
Leaving only the sweetness of song in my heart.

When day's burdens are great, and I tire on the road,
I cry to my Lord and he lightens my load;
His own hand upholds me and points out the way
When my courage grows faint, and doubt darkens the day,

He bids me look up if the journey seem long,
And my soul lifts its eyes to the heights and is strong.

When my world-bound soul looks through the bars of its prison,

With wild yearning toward the fair regions Elysian,
Striving vainly to catch but a note of the sweetness,
Of music that floats through those realms of completeness,

Faith flies to my bosom, and folding her wings,
Wakes the music of heaven in my heart as she sings.



TAKING LEAVE.

THE steps clash up; the carriage door
 Is slammed, and watching from the gate,
 We see the loved face turn once more
 To take the last look, and too late
 We think of words we might have said.
 Too soon the wheels begin to move,
 And like a vision, presently
 A cloud bears from us those we love.
 "Life's but a parting!" then we cry.

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"Too late!" "Too soon!" Those sad words
 toll,
 Like an unceasing funeral knell;
 Over the flowering fields they roll,
 And o'er the frozen Winter fell.
 Joy drowns them with a ringing laugh;
 But soon, with the succeeding sigh,
 We hear the ever-boding sound—
 "Life's but a parting!" then we cry.

STARLIGHT.

I'M sitting in the starlight,
 In the starlight pale and cold,
 I'm thinking of my childish days—
 The merry days of old.
 Then every feeling of my heart
 Was mirrored on my brow—
 I never smiled when I could weep,
 As I do often, now!
 I never felt so lonely then,
 The flowers and the birds
 Were friends—I used to talk to them,
 In lisping, childish words.
 I'm sitting in the starlight,
 And sighing, but in vain,
 For the happy days of childhood,
 That can never come again!

How swiftly did the blue, bright days
 Of sunny youth depart!
 Swift speed these woman-years, but leave
 A shadow on my heart!
 My song was happy as a bird's,
 My heart was light as air,
 And I remember still the words
 Of my sweet childish prayer!
 But now my bark is launched upon
 The restless waves of life—
 And, O, my heart shrinks wildly
 From the struggle and the strife.
 I'm sitting in the starlight—
 I wish, and pray—in vain—
 For the happy days of childhood
 That can never come again!

All things are changed about me,
 Save she who gave me birth;
 Her precious voice is still, to me,
 The sweetest sound on earth;
 For when I kneel, close by her side,
 And tell each joy or woe,
 There is no music in the world
 Can calm and soothe me so!
 Her gentle arms infold me still,
 With fond, untiring love—
 God's richest blessing that I prize,
 All other gifts above!
 How much I need her counsel now,
 To guide me, and sustain—
 Ah me! I wish I were a child,
 A happy child, again!

Yet how my simple, childish heart
 Longed for these woman-years!
 The hopes it wove are withered flowers.
 The dew-drops turned to tears!
 O! I would give them all—each dream
 And hope that time has brought—
 The noble aspirations,
 The gems of holy thought;
 Even the veiled treasure
 To whom my songs I pour,
 If I might win the happy heart

Of childhood back once more!
 I'm sitting in the starlight,
 And the tear-drops fall like rain—
 I wish—how wild the wishing!
 I were a child again!

EVENING SHADES AND MORNING LIGHT.

THE world's day weareth to its even-tide;
 With solemn sweep
 The silent shadows, down the mountain's side,
 Fall long and deep;
 In boding clouds sinks down the cheerless light;
 But morning cometh hand in hand with night.

Long hath the noon of Pride and Wrong blaz'd high;
 And Satan reigned;
 And Man blasphemed; and Sin sent up its cry,
 And Earth complained;
 But none were looking for the day of doom—
 None prayed the year of the Redeemed might come.

And still 'mid portents of fast-coming woe,
 They make mad mirth;
 Pomp lights the festal chamber; and they grow
 Wanton on earth.
 They plant, they build—choose Sodom's smiling lot.
 And in derision cry, "Why comes he not!"

O, dweller of the Earth! fear comes on thee—
 The pit—the snare—
 Blackness in heaven—and trouble on the sea—
 O'er all, despair.
 Dimness of anguish on the world shall fall,
 And death, and doom, and darkness over all.

But lo! a gleaming from the Watch-tower seen,
 A star of dawn!
 Long, wild and weary hath the darkness been,
 'T will soon be gone.
 The treasured ray, that burn'd through all the night,
 At last seems kindling into morning light.

Yes! to the Church no day has dawned as yet
 To chase her fears;
 Her path to glory hath been dark, and wet
 With blood and tears;
 Her eyes have failed with looking for the day,
 It seems so fair, and yet so far away.

The Times grow darker, but she sings, "'T is well,
 He cometh now!"
 The winds that smite the cedar only swell
 Her fig-tree's bough;
 Still so the World's sky threatens, hers grows bright,
 Their cloud of darkness is her pillared light.

Sing songs, thou Watcher at the door of Hope,
 Thy last by night!
 Dark is the threshold, but the portals ope;
 Lo! all is bright.

The Bridegroom cometh! Hark! He calls thee
 home;
 Ere thou "believe for joy," He shall be come.

JOHN BUNYAN.

HIS BIRTH AND EDUCATION.

JOHN BUNYAN was born some time in the year 1628. The birthplace was Elstow, in Bedfordshire—a village without any pretensions to the romantic or the picturesque. Had the development of genius depended on the influence of the grand or the beautiful in nature, the young stranger was, prospectively, in a poor case. There are no mountains round about Elstow; no cataracts nor cascades; no gorges nor ravines. It is a land of wheat and barley—a land wherein the people may eat bread without scarceness; but it is not a land out of whose hills they may dig brass.

Of Bunyan's forefathers history makes no mention. Even of his parents hardly any thing is known. The parish register contains no entry prior to his birth. One marriage is recorded subsequently, with two births, two baptisms, and six burials. The family was indigent and obscure. Not only by the sweat of the brow had the father to obtain the daily bread, but the occupation by which he did so was the lowest of the low. He was a tinker, moving from place to place about the neighborhood for employment, but making his permanent abode at Elstow.

It occurred to him that some learning would be advantageous to his boy. There was no reason why, although John was of mean and inconsiderable parents, he should grow up a mean and inconsiderable man. Education might be the making of him in after life.

At Bedford, close by, there was a free school for the children of the poor. It pleased God to put it into his parents' hearts to send him there to learn to read and write, which he attained according to the rate of other poor men's children. But he made no proficiency. As he afterward confessed, he learned but little, and he almost entirely lost that. He was soon taken from school, that he might work with his father in the art and mystery of pots and pans.

His ungodliness was as precocious as it was offensive. But few equals had he in cursing, swearing, lying, and blaspheming. He was the ringleader of the village immoralities—a great sin-breeder, infecting all the youth of the neighborhood with all manner of youthful vanities. He cared nothing for Holy Scripture, preferring a ballad or a news-book. With old fables and curious arts he was familiar. Excepting the seventh commandment, of which he declares he had been scrupulously mindful, he was, in act or in disposition, a notorious violator of the whole law. The desire was strong to take his

fill of sin. It was his study to see what there was yet to be committed, and then to make as much haste as he could, lest he should die before he had gratified his desire.

In his seventeenth or eighteenth year Bunyan went for a soldier, taking part in the conflict that was then raging between the Parliament and the King. The probability is that he was a Royalist, although the general impression has been that he fought on the other side. The evidence is not conclusive; but his loyalty is so demonstrative, that he would hardly have been in arms against his sovereign, while his references to the profligacy of his comrades indicate association with the Cavalier rather than with the Roundhead. Rupert was his hero, not Cromwell.

Once in particular he was in great hazard. At the siege of Leicester he was counted off among the party who were to undertake an assault. Another man obtained permission to go instead of him. Early in the attack his substitute was shot with a musket-bullet, and died. This incident greatly affected Bunyan, seeming to him to be a summons from the Lord to turn from the error of his ways. Nor was this the only summons. Several times before had he been rescued from an untimely end. More than once he had been saved from drowning, when he was all but dead and gone.

These deliverances wrought upon him. The goodness of God was leading him to repentance. But not repenting, he became unhappy night and day. Fearful dreams and visions scared him. When running riot on the village green, he found himself frequently at his wits' end. God was angry with him. He was a doomed man.

That he might put these thoughts out of his mind, he plunged headlong into his old sins. He grew more and more rebellious against God, giving up his work now, that he might have time for his ungodliness and vice. For days together, consequently, he was destitute of bread to eat.

Some friends kindly pitied him, and advised him, among other things, to marry. With a good wife he might do better, and escape the ruin that was at hand. He took their advice, and it was his mercy to light upon a wife whose father was counted godly. Prudent persons would have pronounced the engagement reckless. Even partial friends must have thought it premature; for, to say nothing of other things wanting that would at least have been convenient, neither dish nor spoon had they between them both. It was a great venture; to be approved, perhaps, when looked at in its results,



John Bunyan

but certainly not to be recommended for imitation in the prospect of a marriage life.

Mrs. Bunyan was not absolutely portionless, for she brought her husband two books—one entitled "The Practice of Piety," and the other "The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven." So degraded, however, had he become, that he had lost the faculty of reading with any ease, and

she had to help him to repair the loss. Pleased with her conjugal devotion to him, he yielded to her entreaties, and took kindly to his book. They read together, she interspersing sagacious remarks as they proceeded, with a view to his adoption of a religious life. Her maiden home had been such a happy one; how pleasant it would be if her married home could be happy



BUNYAN'S BIRTHPLACE AT ELSTOW.

too! There was no difficulty. If her husband would imitate her father, their house, with all its poverty, would soon be the house of God and the gate of heaven.

The Sunday at Elstow was a strange jumble of the grave and gay. There were two full services at the church, according to the Book of Common Prayer; and then there were May games, Whitsun ales, morris dances, and various other sports. In the services and sports, to which the parishioners were summoned by the same church bells, Bunyan was accustomed to take his part. He was himself a good hand at ringing; ready at any time to challenge the whole country-side to a trial of skill at the belfry ropes. One Sunday, having rung the parish into church, he took his place as usual at his wife's side, joining with the congregation in the service, and then awaiting the delivery of the discourse. The preacher was intelligent and earnest in setting forth the evils of breaking the Sabbath. The sermon did its work. It was meant for him. No more violation of the fourth commandment for John Bunyan. He would obey it henceforward with heart and soul. Let his wife be assured that his mind was made up once for all.

The impression was transitory. Before he had well dined he had shaken the sermon out of his thoughts, and was prepared to return to the old sports and gaming with great delight.

No sooner said than done. That very afternoon he was on the village green, flinging himself with his usual vehemence into a game at "cat." On a sudden he heard a voice from heaven. He considered for a moment, threw his "cat" upon the ground, and left off playing. There is the spot now where he stood like a statue, trembling at the demand of the superhuman voice, "Wilt thou leave thy sins, and go to heaven; or have thy sins, and go to hell?" He thought Christ was standing with him face to face, and that he was come to inflict the punishment which he had so well deserved. Not many minutes were necessary for the transaction. He heard, he mused, he resolved, and the upshot was this, that he could but be damned; and, if it must be so, he had as good be damned for many sins as one. Back he went to play, not a soul among his companions at all aware of the astounding processes of thought and feeling which had been going on within.

His conscience, however, was ill at ease. Mrs. Bunyan was incessant in her sagacious endeavors to win him to Christ, and incidents were frequently occurring by which he was rebuked. "You ungodly wretch!" said a woman to him one day, as after his wonted manner he was cursing and swearing, and playing the madman in the street—"You ungodly wretch! I never heard such swearing in my life. You

are enough to spoil all the youth in the whole town." He was put to shame; the more so as his reprover was a notoriously loose and vicious woman. He wished with all his heart that he could be a little child again, and that he might learn to speak without that wicked way of swearing. The rebuke of the woman took effect. He left off swearing, became a reader of Scripture and a reformed man, both in his words and in his life. His neighbors took notice of the change. They began to speak well of him to his face and behind his back. This gratified him, and he was puffed up. There was not a man in England who could please God better than he. He was all right now.

Self-denial was required from him; and he bravely took up his cross. He was passionately fond of dancing, and for a full year he still adhered to it, sometimes on the village green, and at other times in a building yet standing on the green. But dancing was now felt to be unholy; and, wishing to be as holy as possible, he gave it up. Old associates entreated him, and the well-known music tempted him; but he resolved that he never would dance again, and he never did.

Another favorite amusement was bell-ringing. This, he felt, must be relinquished also. The religiousness on which he was entering demanded that it should at once be given up. Still, he liked it, and hankered after it, and went on. At last he gave in to the remonstrances of his conscience; and, though he frequented the belfry, he would not ring. Perhaps, however, it was wrong to be in the place at all. One of the bells might fall as a judgment from God. To escape this jeopardy, he placed himself always under one of the main beams in the tower. But there was danger there, for a bell might so swing and rebound that the beam would be no security, after all. Thus afraid, he never went further than the belfry door. Was he sure he was safe there? The tower might fall, and what then? That settled him. To be killed by a Divine judgment would be disastrous to his profession, and fatal to his admission into heaven. He would wash his hands, therefore, of the ringing altogether, and he resolutely kept his word.

His way was now perfect before the Lord. A famous alteration had come upon his life and manners. He was sure of paradise at last. The improvement was confessedly marvelous. His wife could not contain herself for joy. Her household was getting to be like her father's. The marriage portion of the two books was bearing fruit. "The Practice of Piety" was being embodied in her husband's practice. In

"The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven" John was walking with herself.

Unhappily, it was all a mistake. The reformed one himself being our witness, he had not passed from death unto life, so as to become a new creature in Christ Jesus. Notwithstanding the change in his behavior, there had been no change of heart. To this hour of his history he was in need of the regeneration of the Holy Ghost.

HIS CONVERSION AND PROFESSION.

His business took him one day into Bedford, and happy was it for him that it was business which he could follow in the streets. A few poor women were sitting at a door as he passed by. It occurred to him to put down his barrow there, and to hearken to their discourse. They looked like religious sort of persons, and perhaps he might have a chance of talking—a practice as he tells his wife, to which just now he was very prone. As he listened, he was amazed. No sermon at Elstow Church had ever informed him of the necessity of the new birth, of the treachery of the human heart, of the temptations of the wicked one, of the grace of the Holy Ghost, or of the sovereignty and compassion of God in Christ. The things thus spoken of by the women struck him with great force. In case they should be true, he certainly was wanting in genuine tokens of a godly man. And they seemed to be true. The women were so simple in their manner, and so happy; there was such appearance of grace in all they said, that their intelligence and sincerity were beyond doubt.

As they kept on their conversation, the employment at the barrow was resumed and intermitted more than once, momentous exercises of soul going on all the time; God making the man willing to rejoice in Christ Jesus, and to have no further confidence in the flesh.

Bunyan sought the acquaintance of these invaluable helpers. They were cheerfully at his service, and did their best to expound to him the way of God more perfectly. Two results ensued—the one, a very great softness and tenderness of heart in receiving what they brought from holy Scripture; and the other, a great bending of the mind to a continual meditating on the good things of which he heard and read. The Scripture was about to be fulfilled, that he should know the truth, and that the truth should make him free. But the process went forward slowly. Certain men, who were turning the grace of God into lasciviousness, met with him, and labored hard to infect him with their delusions. The devil, too,

brought him into great straits—leading him to think of the child who was thrown down and sorely vexed as his father was bringing him to Christ. What right had he to say that he had the necessary faith? He had no evidence that he had been elected to salvation. He could not tell that the day of grace was not past and gone.

To these temptations he answered as best he could. He wrestled manfully; but every now and then he was underneath. "Try a miracle," was the suggestion one morning on his way into Bedford. "Say to the puddles in the horse-ponds, Be you dry, and to the dry places, Be you puddles." He was in the act of saying it, even in the Divine name, when the thought came into his mind to go first under yonder hedge and pray that God would make him able. This delay was his deliverance. He perceived his danger, and he escaped.

"Abandon your hope," was the suggestion another day. "Unless the great God, of his infinite grace and bounty, has voluntarily chosen you to be a vessel of mercy, though you long and labor until your heart doth break, no good will come of it." He saw the difficulty which was thus craftily proposed to him, and was at a stand. For weeks he was oppressed and cast down, when one day a passage came into his mind about the blessedness of the man who simply made God his trust. The words greatly lightened and encouraged him; but, to his regret, he could not find them in his Bible. He searched, and got others to search; but it was more than a year before the words were found, and then it turned out that they were in the Apocrypha. As there was no authority whatever in the Apocrypha, he was giving up his satisfaction, when he remembered that there were just the same kind of words in holy Scripture, and of them he might be sure. Thus he put the wicked one to silence. He could trust in the Lord, and the generations of old were the witnesses that no man who did that would be confounded. He was doing it, not being able to express with what longings and breakings in his soul he cried unto Christ to save him, so that he might come into a converted state.

Up to this time he had kept his spiritual turmoil to himself. An occasion at length arose when he was moved to disclose it to those poor women who had taken him so kindly by the hand. They gave heed to his conversation, and replied to the best of their ability. Before long, however, they were baffled by his interrogations, not at all knowing how such mysteries could be explained. Perhaps their minister,

Mr. Gifford, could explain them. They obtained an interview with him, and so far engaged his sympathies that Bunyan was invited to his house. Nothing better could have happened. Gifford's sober judgment and larger knowledge brought his new friend's impetuous and prolific imagination under discipline and restraint. Conference with his people in private about the dealings of God with their souls was one way in which the pastor aimed to promote their edification; and to these conferences the Elstow artisan was introduced. Many of his mistakes were imperceptibly corrected, and a sounder habit of apprehending the will of God was gradually found. He was recommended to accustom his mind to closer and severer thought upon what God had set down by his own Spirit in the holy Word.

The immediate result was a renewal of his distress. It seemed to him that he was a most grievous transgressor. The more he meditated, the more he trembled. Through the influence of his active and imperious fancy, he was overwhelmed. He thought that he was like a child whom some gipsy had taken up by force under her apron, and carried away from its friend and country. He heard a voice calling to him quite half a mile behind him. He counted the condition of the dog or the toad preferable to his own. He would have given a thousand pounds for a tear. He was sure that he was possessed with a devil.

All this while he was strenuous in prayer, and steadfast in his study of the Scriptures, hoping against hope. It came to pass that he was sitting in a neighbor's house, very sad, when the word came to him suddenly, "If God be for us, who can be against us?" Soon after, as he was going into the country, that other word came to him, "He has made peace by the blood of his cross." Just then, while sitting by the fire in his house, another word came to him, "Forasmuch as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, Christ himself likewise took part of the same." These "hints," as he calls them—"touches," "short visits"—did not last; but, like Peter's sheet, were suddenly caught from him up into heaven.

Better for him had he remembered that the comforting words themselves were not caught away; that they were still within his reach, to minister to his peace. Far too much concern had he for his various frames of spirit. The warrant for his consolation in Christ was not his own feeling, but the divine assurance that Christ had put away his sins by the sacrifice of himself.

During a brief season of evangelical tran-

quillity, Bunyan desired to see some ancient godly man's experience, who had written some hundreds of years before he was born. He fancied that the modern religious writings were theoretic and superficial, their authors never having gone down themselves into the deeps. He met with a copy of Luther on the Galatians. It was so old that it was ready to fall to pieces as he turned it over; but, clumsy and hard-handed as he was through dealing with the barrow and the tools, he managed the manipulation famously, and in due time he was master

of the book. It was the most congenial thing imaginable; so much was Luther a man of like passions with himself. No other book was ever so precious to him excepting the Word of God.

The interval of peace was short, and the next encounter with temptation was the worst of all. For a whole year, and almost without any intermission, he was tempted to sell Christ. This monstrous idea was realized by him with a distinctness which it is difficult for us to realize. Lying one morning in his bed, the words were



BUNYAN STUDYING LUTHER.

heard by him as fast as a man could speak, "Sell him," "Sell him," "Sell him." He kept on answering, "No, not for thousands, thousands, thousands." But at last, after much striving, the thought passed through his heart, "Let him go if he will;" and he felt that his heart freely consented thereto.

There was nothing now but the worm that never dieth. Down he fell, as a bird that was shot from the top of a tree, into great guilt and fearful despair, and for two years he suffered almost unmitigated woe. Now and then some

words of Christ occasioned temporary hope; but the remembrance occurred, and he was overpowered—"You have sold your Savior, and you are damned."

Bunyan mentions an instance of temporary relief as a dispensation of which he knew not what to say. Being ready to sink with fear, it was as if there had rushed in at the window the noise of wind upon him, but very pleasant, and he heard a voice speaking to him, "Didst thou ever refuse to be justified by the blood of Christ?" His heart answered groaningly,

"No." Then that word of God fell upon him with power, "See that you refuse not him that speaketh." "This made a strange seizure upon his spirit, and commanded a silence of those tumultuous thoughts which, like masterless hell-hounds, did use to roar and bellow. The savor of this signal dispensation lasted three or four days, and then he began to mistrust and despond again."

Eventually, however, deliverance was effectually and permanently wrought. As he was passing through a field this sentence fell upon his soul, "Thy righteousness is in heaven." With the eye of his soul he saw Jesus Christ at the right-hand of God as his own personal righteousness, so that, wherever he was or whatever he was doing, God could not say of him, "He wants my righteousness," because there it was before his eye, inasmuch as Christ and his people were all one. The believer's good frame of heart did not make his righteousness the better, nor his bad frame make it worse, since his righteousness was Christ himself, who is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. None other than the gate of heaven was that field to Bunyan. Then and there he came out of the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God.

He subsequently made a summary of the memorable spiritual vicissitudes through which he had been passing, and, having accounted for them on the ground of the feebleness of his faith in prayer, of the indifference of his soul to his incessant jeopardy, and of his presumption in having on one occasion prescribed what God should do, he concluded that they had been overruled mightily to his advantage, and that, like Job after his captivity, he had twice as much blessedness as ever had been his lot before. One most characteristic sentence is found in his summary. Having quoted the passage, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out," he says, "O, many a pull hath my heart had with Satan for that blessed sixth of John!" It had been evident to others for a long time that their friend belonged to Christ, and now he was of that mind himself. He could neither specify the moment nor define the act of his transition into life, but he really was alive unto God.

The next thing, as he learned from the Divine Word, was to confess Christ before men. He accordingly propounded his desire to the Church of his choice to walk with it in the ordinances of Christ. He was cheerfully accepted, and, having been baptized, was enrolled in the membership of that Church. On his participation of the Lord's Supper he felt

as if he were plunged in the virtue of the death of Christ. Very precious were the words to him, "Do this in remembrance of me."

About this time he was seized by what seemed to be pulmonary consumption. He rallied, and then fell ill again, but recovered ultimately and became robust. During his illness he passed through several notable alternations of religious feeling, but in the main he was enabled to rejoice in God. "Wife," said he, as he was sitting by the fire on his recovery, "is there ever such a Scripture as this, 'I must go to Jesus?'" At the moment she did not recollect. They thought together for two or three minutes, when a passage in Hebrews was remembered. "Wife, now I know, I know, 'We are come unto Jesus, the mediator of the New Covenant.'" He went to his bed overjoyed, but could scarce lie there for the triumph that he had in Christ.

His health having been restored, he diligently discharged the duties of his Church membership, rendering effectual help to his pastor in meetings for devotion and in visitations of the sick. His ability in these respects was so conspicuous that his brethren by common consent made him a deacon of the Church, committing to him the secular service of the sanctuary and the official attention to the poor. Having removed from Elstow to Bedford, he accepted the office and used it well, purchasing to himself throughout the neighborhood a good degree. At this time he was a widower, but of the circumstances of his bereavement we have no account.

An entry in the Bedford Church-book indicates Bunyan's advancement in the esteem of his brethren: "At a meeting held on the 27th of the 6th month, 1657, the deacon's office was transferred from John Bunyan to John Pernie, because he could no longer discharge its duties aright, in consequence of his being so much employed in preaching." Some of his fellow-members had desired him to speak a word of exhortation to them at their private meetings, and, although much abashed in spirit at their request, he had consented, and in two several assemblies had discovered his gifts to them. These exercises confirmed their opinion, and they then invited him to take his turn in their village preachings. His compliance from time to time was so satisfactory that of his call to the ministry his companions had no doubt. They reported their persuasion to the pastor, who in due time communicated to the Church his own belief that they were right. The result was that, after solemn prayer to the Lord, with fasting, Bunyan was called forth and appointed

to the more ordinary and public preaching of the Word. With great fear and trembling at the sight of his own weakness did he address himself to the work—not, however, “without a secret pricking forward thereto, and great encouragement from the Scriptures.” He had further encouragement besides, for the country round came in to hear the Word by hundreds. Many confessed and affirmed that they had been awakened by him, so that the word of God came with much refreshment to his heart, “The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me, and I caused the widow’s heart to sing for joy.” Necessity was peremptorily laid upon him, and it soon came to this, “Yea, woe is unto me if I preach not the Gospel.”

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE TREASURE DIGGER.

“GOOD evening, friend Friedel.”

“Good evening, friend Stohns; are you home already?”

“Ah, yes, it is Saturday, and I always try to get an hour before evening time. One has to provide this and that for the house, in order to have the Sabbath free. My wife goes to the village to bring home a herring, and some little things for the Sabbath, and she can’t do that easily if the children are alone; besides, there is the bit of wood to be cut up for the next day, and odds and ends to be done.”

“Then you can afford to have herring on a Sabbath?”

“Well, as far as I am concerned, there is no need to have it; I must eat potatoes and salt six days in the week, and I can as well do so on the seventh. But I have it for the sake of my wife and children. They would think nothing of the Sabbath if it brought no extra food.”

“Then your children, friend Stohns, are better off than mine. Since the death of my good Beatrice—God bless her—they have never had even the tail of a herring, much less a morsel of any kind of meat. Sundays and week-days, they have potatoes. But there is no help for it. Fuel and clothes cost so much; and what can a man earn as a charcoal burner? And even when one has toiled and moided the whole week in the forest, and sweated from morning till night, so that the soot cleaves to your brow, what have you made? Hardly enough to keep the children in life. And yet one ought to be thankful that at least there is work to be had.”

“It is much the same way, friend Friedel, with me, in the smelting house. One labors

like a beast of burden, and when Saturday comes the whole earnings are little or nothing. Hardly can one afford even a herring. I grieve over the poor little children, who have to run about half naked. But there is no help for it.”

“Do you know, friend Stohns, I have thought the subject over and over again, and come to the conclusion that we are only like miserable drudge donkeys in the world? Do n’t take it amiss that I should have used that word, but it is nothing else. When you think how the great people in towns live, and how much riches, joy, and pleasures they possess, I feel as if I were a castaway child, forsaken, deceived, and sold to misfortune.”

“My friend, you touch a subject on which I have puzzled my brain, and I can not conceal from you that I have reasoned about it many times with our Lord God. How much he has done for rich men! How much silver and gold has he portioned out to them! *We* never even see a piece of gold, far less possess one. He has created diamonds. They sparkle on the fingers, ears, and heads of the rich. Not even a bright button glitters on our waistcoats, for it is too dear for us. In the town they have concerts daily. Our concert is the wailing of our hungry children. I have heard that the rich go every day to the theater. Our theater is every evening the heart-rending spectacle of our half-clad children, as they lie on the straw without any covering.”

“Stop, friend Stohns! lead me no deeper into this sad subject. It makes me low-spirited. Upon our mountain there is no pleasure to be found. None of the sunshine of life enters our huts. Our inheritance is and will remain poverty. Nothing has been given to us save work and want.”

Thus spoke the two, as they sat each in front of his hut. The huts stood facing one another only six feet apart, and turned to each other their wooden railings. They lay pretty well up the height on the slope of a mountain, which was covered higher up by a dark green forest, interspersed with beeches, birches, and oak-trees. Downward there nestled a little mountain village, and close by, on an opposite hill, there was erected a palace-like building. It was the seat of a rich manufacturer; it had twenty front windows, a handsome tower, and when the green iron gate with the gilded coat of arms and lion’s head opened, there drove out a magnificent carriage. The interior of the huts of our two neighbors bore the appearance of great poverty.

Have you, my dear reader, ever seen the hut of a poor charcoal burner or miner? You would

be surprised if you once entered such an abode of poverty, and contrasted it with your beautiful, light, high, well-furnished, and tastefully decorated dwelling.

Yes, Stohns and Friedel were poor, very poor, and you will wonder no longer at their dialogue. "How long our youngsters are staying out," said Stohns; "they must certainly have gone far into the forest on their errand to collect the dry branches; and if they can not get them they will not come home, that I know."

"My Fritz is too proud for that."

"Yes, he is a smart child."

"And mine are so, also."

"Last year my eldest, Gretchen, went with the rest to gather bilberries."

"And when did she come back?"

"At nine o'clock in the evening."

"Why?"

"Because she had not been able sooner to fill her pot; and without *that*, she said she would not have come home, although it had been twelve o'clock."

While the two poor friends were talking over their circumstances, they had not remarked that a young man, in clean, simple dress, had slipped round the house corner, and heard the conversation, word for word.

Just as Stohns had drawn his pipe from his waistcoat to smoke, the young man stepped forward with the hearty greeting, "God bless you, good people!"

Stohns and Friedel started, and stared at the stranger, and it was a few seconds ere they returned his greeting.

"I surprise you much, I see," he replied. "Yes, yes, it is seldom, no doubt, that a stranger climbs up to your mountain. But do not be constrained before me. I am a stranger to you, but notwithstanding a good friend."

The mild, pious countenance of the young stranger, as well as his soft, kind tone, did not fail to make a favorable impression on the two poor friends.

Stohns broke the silence, and said, "*We*"—the custom of the country people when they wish to avoid saying thou or you—"are making a pleasure journey?"

"Not exactly," was the answer; "yet I have come expressly to this village. I have important business here."

"Indeed!" replied Friedel, amazed. "Important business in our miserable little village?"

"Trade business, of course?" put in Stohns.

"No, I have nothing to do with trade."

"Or perhaps a commission on charcoal?" said Friedel, hopefully.

"Not that either."

"Ah," said Stohns, "certainly we must belong to the mountain provinces, and have dealings with the smelting houses?"

"Still less that."

"Then it can only be," said Friedel, shaking his head, "that *we* have to do with the rich manufacturer on the mountain. Perhaps money transactions? for up there it seems as if gold were snowed from heaven."

"Wrong again."

"Now that is a puzzle," replied Stohns, almost angrily. "Where do *we* wish to go, then?"

"I wish to go to the very poorest in this village. It is only with them that I have weighty business."

Stohns and Friedel started, and looked inquiringly at one another. "To the very poorest," began Stohns. "On my word I wonder at that. Such a young, pleasant gentleman."

"Perhaps *we* have relations among them?" questioned Friedel.

"No. But, dear friends, leave off addressing me as *we*. Speak to me as if I were one of your equals."

"No pride about him, a handsome man," whispered Stohns to his neighbor. Then he said aloud, "Be it as you wish, we will have no more ceremony."

"That is right; men should always act frankly. By so doing they will get on best in the world. Only, no deceit."

"But, dear sir," said Friedel, resuming the conversation, "if there is to be no deceit, tell us, who it is you expressly wish to find? Perhaps we could show you the nearest way to them?"

"But to whom I must expressly go I do not know myself. I wish to go to the very poorest in the village."

"But you must know," reiterated Stohns—filling his pipe as he spoke—"the name of these poor people?"

"Even that I do not know. I wish to go to the very poorest."

The two friends started again, and looked at one another. Their mutual glances said clearly, are not we the very poorest in this village?

The stranger became an increasing puzzle to them. Is he making sport of us? is he right in his mind? or is he playing a mysterious part? So thought they in silence.

At last Friedel spoke, rising as he did so. "On my word, young sir, I can no longer restrain my curiosity. Tell us now what you really are?"

"I will not conceal it from you. You can and shall know it. But you must also be as open to me."

"You shall hear every thing you wish to do," was the answer.

"Now, then, I shall tell you, I am a 'treasure digger.'"

"A treasure digger!" exclaimed Stohns, and let his pipe fall from fright.

Friedel said not a word from sheer astonishment; but opening his mouth wide, he surveyed the stranger three times from head to foot.

"Does my calling horrify you so much? Do n't be afraid. I have no dealings with evil spirits. It is only with the good ones I have to do, and I am sent to make men happy."

This speech quieted down the disturbed spirit of the two neighbors. In place of fear, there suddenly entered other thoughts. Friedel said quite calmly, and as if he had not been in the least surprised, "Do you really wish to seek out the very poorest in our village?"

"Yes, perhaps you know them? If so, tell me, and I will go to them, and make them happy."

"Sir," answered Stohns, somewhat embarrassed, "I am at a loss to know whether you are joking or in earnest. Would you make the very poorest happy and rich?"

"That is my intention; for that purpose I seek them. They possess treasures, splendor, glory, of which they have no suspicion. I will open their eyes and show them their riches."

At these words Stohns rose from his seat. His blood began to boil, his eyes sparkled, his hands began to tremble. Friedel stepped nearer to the stranger, seized his hand, pressed and shook it, and evidently longed to say something, but could not bring it out for joy.

"Now then," said the treasure digger, "speak out. Tell me, you know your village; where do the very poorest live? Where must I go to find them?"

"Remain, sir, remain," stammered Stohns, and tears glistened in his eyes.

Friedel now shook the hand of the stranger more heartily, and with some difficulty at last brought out the words, "Sir, look at us, our huts, and our children!"

The stranger was touched with the confession that the two now made with a certain degree of shame. And he began, "Then you are the very poorest in this place? I am glad to have discovered that, for I shall disclose your treasures to you. But now I must tell you that I overheard you, so I know your desires. In a short time you shall have them all—diamonds and gold, theaters and concerts, riches, perfumes, fire-works, and illuminations."

"Is it possible? is it possible?" exclaimed Stohns, and jumped for joy, despite his weary

bones; and Friedel called out, "Has the dear Lord remembered us, then? Ah, my dear good Lord!" He wished to embrace and kiss the good treasure digger. But the latter forbid it, and said,

"Only one thing more. Before showing you the treasures you must promise me you will take them, and also give an acknowledgment of them."

"Sir, if you desire it, we will promise it on the Scripture."

"It is not needful; your word suffices me. Now I leave you. To-morrow, at dawn of day, I shall knock at your door, and then begin my work, and now good-night."

Stohns and Friedel wished to press his hand, but he had disappeared. The only eyes shut in both of these huts for at least some hours that night, were those of the innocent children, who had been told nothing of the treasure digger's visit.

The charcoal burner, and the miner with his wife Susanna, never thought of sleep. The latter counted impatiently the strokes of the old clock on the wall. The night seemed very long. The tick-tack of the pendulum, which in general they never heard, seemed that night to go very slowly. And from both huts in these dark hours there arose prayer to God, such as had never risen before from those beds. Stohns prayed:

"Dear Lord God, forgive me that in my poverty I have often been discontented with thy dealings. I always believed that thou wert kind and friendly only toward the great and rich of this world. I thought thou didst share thy treasure and joys only with them, and caredst little about us poor ones. Now I know otherwise. No, thou hast also treasure for the poor. Thou wilt also strew some joy into their weary lives. Thanks be unto thee a thousand-fold for so doing."

In the eastern heavens a slight gray light appeared; morning had begun to dawn. Then there was heard a gentle knock at the low doors of both huts. No repetition of the signal was required; Stohns and Friedel sprang from their beds, and quickly throwing on their poor clothes, they stood before the treasure digger, and wished him a good-morning.

"Now follow me," said the stranger shortly.

He took the nearest path which led up to the summit of the mountain. The two neighbors climbed up after him, full of expectation.

The treasure digger broke the oppressive silence by saying, "Yesterday evening you said that the rich in towns go daily to the theater, and can see beautiful and wonderful sights.

You are right; they can; and now the beginning of my magic art will be to gratify you. I will now show you a spectacle such as no art of man can equal. Follow me."

They came to the summit of the mountain. It was devoid of trees. There still lay a thick gray veil over mountain and valley, although the pale light in the eastern sky gradually became brighter.

Stohs and Friedel expected that the treasure digger would now draw a circle into which they must step, and that there he would pronounce some magical words. But no, he did none of these things, but simply said, "Seat yourselves where you can."

They seated themselves in silence on the stump of a tree. The treasure digger placed himself behind them.

"Now, dear people," he said, while with his right-hand he pointed to the east, "fix your eyes on the spot in the sky which appears to you to be the brightest. Do n't speak; you have only to look."

The surrounding landscape lay like one large bed of rest. All yet slept; the forest, the mountain, the valley, the village, the castle. Over all there still hung the thick, dark veil, which the angel of night had lovingly let down. Only at one point in the east the light was becoming clearer and clearer. It appeared for some time like a large floating island; now spreading and spreading, increasing in light and power, till at last it reached the distant cloudlets that lay in little groups at the gates of the rising sun. Soon there came the most wonderful display of colors. A pale, rosy flush lay softly on all; from second to second there streamed forth, as if from some invisible fountain, more and more brilliancy. The dark masses of clouds, whose outlines a few minutes before one could hardly distinguish, now swam like gigantic fire roses over the horizon; the whole morning sky burned like one great sparkling flame. Out of the swelling purple billows darted arrows of light, which fell on the still earth, crowning the majestic mountain tops with a rosy cap, hanging on the points of the dark pines like golden balls, and flooding the valley with glory.

It was as if that day the sky had taken unusual trouble to welcome with all possible pomp the rising of its sun; all the rest of nature had joined it, and waited with a true Sabbath quiet his gorgeous approach. The two poor mountain friends never turned their eyes away for one moment from the flaming heavens; they thought no longer on the treasure digger and his enchantments, not even on the expected

treasure. What they now saw awoke in them a strange joy, a deep admiration, a hitherto inexperienced sensation. With their eyes, their hearts opened. With every change in the scenery of the heavens they felt new wonder. They stole glances at one another as if they wished to discover whether they were sharing the same feeling, and when the absorbed attention and fixed eyes of the other bore witness to the fact, neither cared to break the silence by words. Only a half-breathed, "Ah, ah," was heard, now from one, now from another.

The triumphal preparations for the approach of day had now become of indescribable grandeur. The glowing billows of the moving sea of fire were pressing through the darkness. From the valleys there arose whirling clouds of mist. Upon the water mirrors of the rivers and ponds curling silver-white, phantom-like figures appeared. The mountain smoked, as if the old mountain spirit was holding a sacrificial festival; and above the whirling mist floated the purple morning clouds so transparent and thin that they seemed like golden air balloons. Even the huts of the charcoal-burners, scattered here and there, gleamed under the golden light, and the moss and grass in the forest caught the golden shower.

The two amazed spectators had, unknown to themselves, moved nearer to one another, their elbows leaning on their knees. With joy the treasure digger remarked how they sometimes touched each other, making gestures of delight. Their faces, upon which the purple morning light played, wore quite a different aspect from that which they had borne the previous evening, when they sat at their doors mourning over their sad fate. They had learned in that hour, without Bible or sermon, the greatness of the unsearchable Almighty God. They felt as his children, and said to themselves, "Even we have a right to look; these wonderful works of the Almighty are for us."

Heaven and earth were now ready for the sun's appearance. All the harps of the Highest were strung. Forest, mountain, castle, tower, and huts were decked in their purple-and-gold court dress, and millions of eyes were turned in expectation toward the point in the east where the bright glow of light was spreading. From hence stepped out the radiant luminary, rising in dignified majesty. What a splendid spectacle! True, one did not hear much noise, except the song of the soaring lark, but yet it was as if the whole of creation were holding a jubilee. High up in the heavens, deep down in the valley, here and afar off, even to the western firmament, shot the rays of light. At

their brilliancy the flaming sky paled, the golden tints on hill and dell faded. The thick mist clouds were rent asunder, the shades of night sank in the depths of the east. It was light.

Stohns and Friedel could no longer, with their earthly eyes, bear the heavenly brightness. But they did not seek to soften the brilliancy by looking at it through their hands; they required them for something quite different; as if by mutual agreement they folded them in silent prayer; it was a morning prayer that rose straight to the ear of the Lord.

"Now, dear friends," began the treasure digger, "how have you enjoyed the spectacle?"

"Sir," answered Stohns, "I feel ashamed of myself; many hundreds of times have I been on the mountain about this hour, and yet have never seen what I have done to-day. I saw truly that the sun was going to rise, but I thought no more about it than just as a matter of course. Ah, sir, it was a grand sight to see, and somehow I feel as if my heart had become changed."

"And I also," said Friedel; "I feel quite changed in spirit; of all this pomp and gold, which may be seen any day, I had no conception. When I was going about this hour to my kiln I thought only about my work, my children, or some other thing. When it was Sabbath, then I was glad that I could lie in bed till after the sun was up. Truly man sees nothing till the good God opens his eyes to his wonders."

"I am delighted to hear that from you," said the treasure digger, heartily rejoiced. "Do you think now that the rich, who live in town, can see any thing more beautiful in their theaters than that?"

"No, dear sir," interrupted Stohns, smiling and shaking his head, "that is perfectly impossible. The One up there"—and he raised his finger to the sky as he spoke—"understands his art best."

"And what would you think," pursued the treasure digger, "if ten of the first artists, painters, mechanics, fire-work makers, and even a necromancer, were to go to a rich prince and say, 'We will make for you a theatrical representation of a perfect sunrise.' He would say, 'No, I thank you; that would cost too much.' And now you have to-day seen this wonderful work in greatest perfection. And what has it cost you?"

"Sir," replied Friedel, and cast down his eyes, "never again in my life shall I complain of the rich and their pleasures."

"And I, sir," exclaimed Stohns, seizing as he spoke the hand of the treasure digger, "I

thank you from my heart for having brought us to this mountain to-day."

"Early next Sabbath shall see me and all my children seated here, and also my Susanna must come with me, whether she will or not. They must all see and learn what magnificent spectacles the dear Lord God has prepared for us poor ones in his great goodness."

Then Friedel remembered the promised diamonds. He would have liked to ask the treasure digger if it were possible that day also to obtain possession of them, but he dared not do it. Perhaps his face showed his thoughts, for just then the treasure digger said, "Now, come, good people, let us go on further."

"Where do you intend to take us to?" asked Stohns.

"To the Fountain of Diamonds," was the answer.

These words acted on the poor neighbors like an electric shock. It seemed as if wings were attached to their feet, so lightly did they step over large stones and roots of trees, down into a flower-covered valley, encircled with copse-wood and alder-trees.

"All right," thought Friedel to himself. "I have always heard that the greatest treasures lie deep down, but so close by our own neighborhood—who would have thought of it?"

Stohns was no great arithmetician, but he began to count how much money he would ask for his diamonds.

The sun already was well up in the heavens. From the highest point of the tall trees down to the stems of the lowly moss, all appeared as if there had been a shower of diamond rain. Every leaf and flower sparkled like fairy stars. The slender web which, on the previous evening, a little spider had spun from one flower to another, now shone like threads of pearls.

But of all this—who will believe it?—our two friends saw nothing. You, dear readers, will readily understand this blindness. They knew very well that early in the morning the grass was wet, and that wet was called dew. Nay, they had been often vexed at it when they went to their work, because it wet their feet. But of the wonderful beauty which this appearance of nature presented they knew nothing.

Now they had reached the meadows.

"Stop, good people," suddenly commanded the treasure digger, in a solemn voice; "we are now at the place. God here has poured out for the poor a whole sea of diamonds."

"Here!" said Stohns, somewhat puzzled. But when he thought a moment he said, "Ah, I know; I have often heard this was a haunted valley."

"There are no hobgoblins here, dear friend," replied the treasure digger, "but I will be surprised if I can not let you see some of the treasure here. Do just as I tell you. Give me your pocket-handkerchiefs."

"Willingly, dear sir, but we have none."

"Well, then, take off your neckerchiefs."

"You shall have them. Here! here!"

"Now, if you please, let me bind up your eyes and ask you a few questions. I could show you the treasures without the binding, but it is better so."

Stohns and Friedel looked at each other, but neither found in the countenance of the other any suspicion, so they bent their heads and allowed themselves to be bound.

Then the treasure digger began, "Have you already seen diamonds?"

Friedel. "Yes, on the finger of the Count, when he one day hunted in the forest and stopped by my kiln, and had the hand with it laid on his rifle."

Stohns. "And I have seen diamonds in the breastpin of the Countess, who once visited our mine."

"Good! And how did they look?"

Friedel. "O, like little, glittering stones."

"They shone, then?"

Friedel. "Yes, truly they shone and sparkled like fire."

"Do they sparkle only in one color?"

Stohns. "Certainly not; some in red, some in green, some in yellow—in all colors."

"Can one eat these diamonds?"

Friedel. "Ha! ha! Eat! eat! What man could eat them?"

"Or can you drink them?"

Stohns. "Ha! ha! Do not ask such extraordinary questions."

"Could these things turn into water, or perhaps sugar? Can one dress with them?"

Friedel. "Certainly not; one could sell them to buy clothes, but then one would no longer possess the diamonds."

"Now, then, why do men set so much value on them?"

Stohns. "I think they do it for show, or for the pleasure of looking at them. When they have them they like to look at them sparkling and blazing."

Friedel. "It could not be otherwise."

"Now, listen. There was once a king who had a large, beautiful garden, wherein stood all sorts of trees with spikes and leaves, also bushes with uncountable boughs, flowers of all forms and colors, and grasses of manifold shades of green covered the wide region. But the magnificence was greatly increased when,

at the king's command, on every leaf and blade of grass there was fastened a diamond. He commanded, and it came to pass."

Stohns. "What a sight that must have been! What a sparkling, and lighting, and blazing! Of such splendor one can hardly form any conception. Ah, the rich!"

Friedel. "A diamond on every blade of grass? Ah! ah! was not the sight too brilliant for the eyes? O, to have been that king, if only for an hour!"

"Dear friends, you shall be as rich as this king in a moment. I have only to take the cover off your eyes, and you stand in the midst of the garden with millions of diamonds. Look to the right or the left, beside you, behind you, touch every blade of grass, every leaf, every bit of moss, and you will find all that I have described to you. Now, one, two, three."

The neckerchiefs fell. It was amusing to see with what haste—we had better not say with what curiosity—the two neighbors looked around them, now up at the trees, now down at the mossy blades at their feet, and, wonderful to relate, it was the same valley, surrounded by the same bushes and trees, but all was changed. They saw what they wished to see, millions of diamonds which the wise King had allowed to be strewed sparkling before their eyes. They looked and were amazed. What wonderful magnificence! On every twig glistened a little, glowing sun; on every leaf sparkled a brilliant. The leaves of the alder-trees blazed with the precious refulgence. What a blaze of colors! Here in the heart of a daisy a yellow stone; there in the green finger of the stork-bill a red one; there on the saxifrage an azure blue. What a sea of beautifully blended colors! what a sparkling, glowing blaze! what a picture of the wisdom and power of the Creator!

With every movement of the bodies of Friedel and Stohns thousands of the morning dew-drops were shaken off, only to cause others more lovely still to be brought to view. The two friends had no words in which to express their astonishment and admiration. They stood dumb. But in their simple hearts there reigned a feeling of happiness. They said to themselves, "This glory belongs to us; these millions of diamonds have been sown for us; they are our possession." Friedel tried to count the glowing gems, but he did not get far. He shook his head, saying, "Impossible."

With the glowing light that had fallen in the eyes of the two friends, light also had arisen on their souls. They understood now what the treasure digger meant. Both hastened to him, and, pressing his hand, "Yes," said Stohns

heartily, "you are right. We are fools if we think that only the rich possess diamonds. The good Lord has much more given them to us poor ones. We can oftener rejoice over these treasures, for when the dear Lord decks the flowers and the grasses with his finger, and crowns the trees and strews the meadows with his diamonds, the rich are mostly lying in their beds and snoring. Only," said Stohns, "in one thing they have the better of us, they can look at the jewels in Winter also."

"O, dear friend," said the treasure digger quickly, "do you suppose that God has only spread out this treasure for you in the Summer-time? If you could not count the diamond drops to-day, still less could you do so in Winter. Now the great Creator scatters them on the herb-covered ground; then he strews them in countless multitudes upon the snow. Only give heed when the first snow covers your mountains, valleys, and huts, and you will find still greater riches of glittering precious stones than you have done to-day."

"We will certainly not forget to look for them," replied both. "As soon as the snow has fallen we shall open our eyes."

"That's the chief thing to do, dear friend," said the treasure digger thoughtfully; "open your eyes. O, many, many poor ones would not feel so unhappy, nor complain and sigh so much, nor have so many envious feelings, nor so often murmur against heaven, if only they would raise up their eyes and see all that the Lord has created for them. He has placed them in an enchanted palace in which every glance must be one of delight."

"I am learning to understand you better," said Stohns. "But yesterday you promised us still more than theaters and diamonds. Show us now the gold."

"Dear people," answered the treasure digger, "at this moment I can not do that. The dear Lord God deals out that to his true workers when it is evening. It is their heavenly day's wages, and he pays richly."

"Ah," remarked Stohns, "I guess already how that will be."

But the other went on. "When you notice that this day is drawing to a close, when you see the fiery sun-ball touching the tops of the dark fir-trees near the western horizon, then take your chairs and seat yourselves before the doors of your huts, and you will soon observe how the glowing heat of the sinking sun acts on air and clouds. At first they dissolve into one rose-colored mass; then the red becomes deeper. It becomes all over of a golden glitter, and at last the whole western horizon is one

dazzling sea of gold. Not only does one little piece of gold swim in the heavens, but gigantic gold-fish, golden serpents, gold sheep, gold boars'-heads, gold mountains, gold ships, gold billows, gold gates, golden temples, all of the purest gold. That is the gold of the poor."

"And when does the good Lord do this for us poor ones?"

"To-day you may witness that wonder. When the evening red lights up the whole firmament, go down into your valley, and then turn your eyes toward the windows of your huts—and not on your huts only, but on all those which catch the last rays of the setting sun; there you will see an illumination such as no emperor sees at his coronation. You will see at your windows not only some poor little lights, but at every window-pane there will be a blazing fire-flame. It will also appear to you as if between each of the wooden panels a little sea of fire had broken out, and your hut will appear like a Vesuvius of glowing flame."

"Ah!" said Friedel, "I have seen the light gleaming very often on the window-panes, but I never thought about it."

"Now, dear friends," said the treasure digger, "let us go on further."

"Where will you lead us to?" asked Stohns.

"Across yonder to the forest where the limes and the fir-trees are thickly mingled with the oaks, beeches, birches, and alders."

"What's to be seen there?" asked Friedel.

"There is a glorious concert-room."

"A concert-room!" exclaimed both in one breath.

"Ah, ha!" put in Stohns quickly. "I understand; I understand."

"Only think," resumed the treasure digger; "if this very day there had been stuck up on the chief house in your village a paper with the following words in large letters:

"A renowned company of singers having stopped here, have the honor of inviting the inhabitants of the neighborhood to listen to one of their musical performances. The songs are all chosen from the greatest of the old masters. The entertainment costs nothing, for the company are paid by a kind rich gentleman, whose greatest joy it is to give pleasure to others."

"What would you say and do then?"

"Sir," answered Stohns, "I would immediately say to my Susanna, lace on your best bodice, and put on your brightest neckerchief, and also your best cap, and we shall go to the concert. Perhaps I would also take my two eldest children with me."

"And I," said Friedel, "would do the same

thing, only I would grieve that my Beatrice is not alive; ah, she loved music so much!"

"Now listen, such a delightful concert you can hear during Spring and Summer every morning in your forests, only your ears must be open, and your hearts free from anxious cares, and it will not cost you any thing."

They had now entered into the forest. They stood in the midst, as it were, of the most magnificent hall. Their feet pressed the soft green carpet, which was covered with delicate pale-colored flowers. To the left and to the right noble columns reared themselves, here brown, there reddish, there silver. Above rested a thick, shady canopy of leaves, through which the golden threads of the sunbeams penetrated the soft green twigs. What a lovely concert-room!

And listen, from all parts sound out music and singing. The finch joins in its warbling note; the blackbird whistles an enthusiastic description of the glories of the cool forest; the hedge-sparrow sings, in several variations, the quiet life in the lower branches; the red-cap, from out the thick fir-tree, trills forth in gentle strains the bliss of solitude. The titmouse, the wood-lark, the woodpecker painted, in broken notes, the delights of a sunny Spring morning. Nor was it a deception that there floated through the beech boughs the note of the queen of songsters—a nightingale.

Ah! what a pleasure it was to stand in the midst of the green hall, and listen to the emulation of the little artists! If this harmony of the groves did not exalt the heart, neither would the sound of the grandest organ. "Do you hear?" the treasure digger asked his companions after some moments of silence.

"O, yes, we hear," answered Stohns.

"It is wonderful," said Friedel, shaking his head. "Now I could have heard this music for a long time every day, for I am daily in the forest; but to my shame be it said, I have never heard it as I have to-day, and yet they are the same birds. But in future you shall see that I have ears."

"Now, only listen," interrupted Stohns, "how they trill and whistle with all the strength of their bodies, as if they were desirous of outdoing one another. It is a delight to hear them."

"This, dear friends," said the treasure digger, "this is the concert for the poor. Do not forget to keep your ears open; it tends, like the music, or perhaps still more so, to soothe the anxieties and cares, and to make the soul joyful, and raise the heart to the Lord. And now follow me, and I will show you the last treasure."

They went on. In the mean time the treas-

ure digger spoke. "You have, of course, heard that in the chambers of the rich there hang costly pictures."

"O yes, yes!" exclaimed Friedel. "In the grand house up there, which belongs to the manufacturer, there hangs a picture, which, of itself, cost eighty thalers."

"That is not much, dear Friedel," replied the treasure digger. "There are oil-paintings which cost many thousands."

"Ah, my word!" exclaimed Stohns. "What is it they paint?"

"Often only a mountain, a castle, a lake. O, how much more beautiful pictures the good Lord God spreads before your eyes! A few steps further on and we will come to a picture more beautiful and enchanting than any that hang in the room of a king."

They went on a few steps, and before them stood a chestnut-tree in full blossom. The whole looked like an illuminated Christmas-tree; the soft fresh boughs spread themselves out like thousands of fair hands, bearing up the charming pyramids of flowers. Where was the painter that could create such a picture? Waken the dead Raphael, and give him all the colors in the world, he could not do it.

The treasure digger observed with pleasure how the two neighbors gazed with delight at the beautiful tree, and how they touched one another, saying, half aloud, "Yes, it's true, what a sight!"

"Look further, friends," he said. "Cast your eyes over the neighboring landscape: here, the springing corn-fields between the blooming hedges and meadows; there, the dark cedar of the forest; to the left the mirror-like pond with its green border of rushes; to the right the swelling hills with the Scotch-fir scattered over them; In the distance your village, with its pretty little church. What a glorious picture! Look still further. Glance down the valley; there is the winding river, with the alder-trees growing on its banks, the scattered huts, and at the end the mill. On the right bank of the river, see the fresh heights, crowned with blooming fruit-trees; and in the distance, the blue, forest-clad mountain; and over all, the clear, pure morning heaven.

"What a beautiful picture! And these pictures hang every day before your eyes, before your huts. And at different periods of the year God displays others. Will you say now you have no pictures? O, only open your eyes! 'These are the pictures of the poor.'"

"Sir, how shall we thank you?" said Stohns and Friedel simultaneously, and tears glistened in their eyes.

"I desire no thanks. Only one request I make to you; never again let the treasures, which I have this day disclosed to you, be out of your eyes and your thoughts. Tell your children and your neighbors about them. Never complain again that the good God hath strewn no joy into your lives. Rather thank him, that through the beauties of nature, he hath made the poor so rich."

Stohns and Friedel were eager to assure the treasure digger that they would not fail to do so. But when they wished to press his hand he had vanished. Perhaps after all he had been an angel.

A VISIT TO THE DANUBIAN PRINCIPALITIES.

I.

DEVA—VAIDA-HUNYAD—ITS CASTLE—DRIVE TO HARTZEG.

THE Danubian Provinces, although they have occupied, and still retain, a prominent position among the political problems of the day in Europe, are but little known as regards their resources, wealth, inhabitants, or capabilities of development. This is in great measure owing to the difficulty of traveling in a country where railways are practically unknown, there being only one from the capital, Bucharest, to Rutschuk, on the Danube, and where the roads are mere tracks across country, becoming in rainy times quagmires of mud, through which horses and conveyances have with difficulty to flounder, if they sink not altogether, and in dry weather nothing better than long dust-heaps, out of which thick, dense clouds rise at the least wind or traffic, obscuring all around, and nearly choking the hardy traveler.

The Danubian Provinces comprise the principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia, now united under one government, and forming the present duchy of Roumania, with Prince Charles of Hohenzollern as sovereign. Wallachia proper extends along the northern bank of the Danube, from Orsova to Galatz, and is bounded on the north by Transylvania, on the east by Moldavia, and on the south by Turkey. It occupies a most important geographical position, as it lies on the direct road by land from Vienna and Central Europe, to the Black Sea, and, moreover, commands an extensive stretch of the Danube, which is at present the highway for all traffic between the Black Sea and Central or Northern Europe, and it is the only part of the route which is not traversed by railways. The usual and easiest way of getting to Walla-

chia is by the Danube, either from Constanti-nople up to Braila, or from Vienna down to Rutschuk, and thence by rail to Bucharest. There is another route, more interesting, though more fatiguing, through Transylvania, and over one of the passes of the Carpathians, which form the frontier between Wallachia and Transylvania. This route I chose for the purpose of seeing the interesting country which lies between the River Maros and the Carpathians, inhabited by Wallachs, speaking the language and having all the manners and customs of the people of the Danubian Provinces.

There are several passes over the Carpathians, the best known being the Rothen Thurm and the Vulkan. I selected the latter, which crosses the Carpathians about fifty miles north of the Danube, and is the first pass of any importance on that side after leaving the banks of the river. To reach it the road lies over Vaida-Hunyad to the Szill valley, where a bridge crosses the River Szill close to the pass, and not far from the Zurdok gorge, through which the river rushes, torrent-like, into the wide plain of Roumania, to empty itself eventually into the Danube. The nearest station on the Transylvania Railway to reach Vaida-Hunyad is Deva, a town of some importance, situated on the banks of the Maros River, and formerly garrisoned by Austrian troops. The old fortress, the remains of which are still seen on the top of a steep hill rising abruptly from the plain, was destroyed in 1848 by the Russian troops, who had invaded Transylvania to assist Austria in crushing what was then designated as the *revolution* of Kossuth. The principle of independent government, so valorously contended for by the Hungarian patriot, has since been recognized by the Austrian Government, and that for which so much blood was shed, so many sacrifices made, such a number of distinguished citizens sacrificed, has within the last few years been attained by one of those bloodless revolutions which here and there form the landmarks of advancing civilization in the history of nations.

On the banks of the Maros the Russian and Hungarian troops fought many hard-contested battles, and the turbid waters of the sluggish river were stained with the blood of the gallant Honveds who fell in the unequal combat. The most important and closing scenes of the reactionary movement were enacted here. It was at Vilagos, near Arad, that Görgei surrendered, and it was at Hunyad that the Honveds made their last stand against the Russian troops. After that the national army, or, rather, its remains, dispersed among the fastnesses of the

Carpathians, and sought refuge in Wallachia. The fortress of Deva was dismantled, and has not been repaired since then, and the Austrian regiments have been encamped on the plain below or quartered in the town. At the time of my visit the last of them were preparing to depart, and relieve the inhabitants from the incubus of having among them a foreign soldiery.

At the small hotel of the town, where I entered to have a midday's repast, commonly considered as dinner by the natives, I found the officers of detachment assembled at a table d'hôte. The preparations were all made, and the guests looked as if they were ready to ply a vigorous knife and fork. But the chair at the head of the table was empty, and until its occupant, the colonel, had arrived, dinner could not be served. The day was sultry, not a breath of air stirring, and the rays of the midday sun were falling with powerful effect on the windows of the room, which felt more like an oven than any thing else. Moreover, it seemed literally alive with flies, buzzing about, crawling over the tables and what was on them, blackening the ceiling and darkening the window-panes. They were, to use a mild term, a decided nuisance. Not content with having a share of every thing eatable on the table, they would insist on trying the wine, drowning themselves by dozens in the glasses, and popping into the bottles, where, after ineffectual attempts to get out by the neck again, they sank into the luscious liquid. In fact, one had to fight with these inquisitive insects for every morsel of food.

When the colonel came in every one rose and bowed; he did so in return, and sat down. He was a fat, puffy sort of man, with red cheeks, yellow whiskers, and a bald head. No sooner had he settled himself than a score or two of flies made a charge at his bald head, and settled on his crown. No use wiping them away, no use flourishing a *serviette* of large dimensions, no use nodding or shaking his troubled head; no sooner gone than back they came. Irritated to the last degree, he called the waiter, and imperiously demanded why all the windows were closed to keep such myriads of Hungarian pests in the room. The windows were at once opened, but the flies did not retire by them; only a draught was created, which equally interfered with the bold colonel's equanimity. The "sacrament esel" of a waiter was now blamed for opening the wrong windows, and they were again closed. Then the flies recommenced their diversions on the smooth surface of the warrior's cranium. His face was flushed with anger, and during the whole dinner he said

nothing but what was abusive of the place, the waiters, the people of Hungary generally, and of Deva particularly. His remarks were received in silence by the other members of the mess, and apparently acquiesced in. The language used was certainly not complimentary to the Hungarians, and no person but one with the consciousness of full and uncontested authority would have dared to have held it. The Hungarians have been for years accustomed to the arbitrary control of petty military despots. No wonder they groaned under their rule, and showed the utmost exultation, when, by the change of constitution, the country has been cleared of German troops, and occupied by national ones.

As there is nothing to see at Deva, and not much of interest associated with the place, we made but a short stay, and in the course of a few hours after our arrival we were ready for the road again. This time the road—that is, if a sort of wide track across country may be so termed—literally crawls irregularly up-hill and across meadows, dividing itself into branches, or widening out independently, to suit the necessities of the case in times of bad weather, or the will and pleasure of the bullock-carts and herds of cattle that form the traffic.

Hitherto we had passed through a vine-growing country. The wine grown on the banks of the Maros from Arad to Deva is among the best in Hungary; but at Deva the character of the culture seemed to change, the vineyards disappeared, and we had nothing but great fields of maize corn, or immense pastures crowded with cattle of every description—bullocks, milch cows, horses, even buffaloes, and herds of swine and sheep. The appearance, the dress, the language of the people were changed. The top-boots and natty jacket of the Magyar were replaced by the sandals and white blouse of the Wallach, and the sound of Hungarian was replaced by the softer tones of the bastard Latin called Roumanian. We were then already within the district formerly colonized by the Romans, and now occupied by their descendants. The name of Deva, indeed, is of Roman origin. It seemed strange to find one's self in the midst of such original surroundings within the short time required for a railway journey from Vienna, and I could not help making the reflection, that if modern traveling has lost much of the romance of the coaching days, and if at present one is whirled from country to country at full locomotive speed, one has, on the other hand, the peculiar charm of enjoying the greatest contrasts, by the very rapidity with which climates and countries are changed. What greater dif

ference could one imagine than that between Vienna, with its elegant and fashionable population, and Deva, where dwells the Wallachian boor, clothed in sheep-skin and shod with almost prehistoric sandals?

From Vienna I had journeyed in a comforta-

side, and at times covered with cushions; but generally these are replaced by bundles of hay or straw, which form a soft, but uncertain seat. The driver sits in front of the passengers, in the body of the cart, and the baggage is stowed behind, with the horses' provender. The Walla-

chian horses are generally very good, somewhat small, but well-proportioned and swift. They seldom require the whip, and trot along with wonderful endurance. We had a ride of about twenty miles before us to reach Vaidahunyad, which we desired to do the same day. Fortunately the weather was propitious, the only inconvenience being the great heat of the sun—a small matter to endure when compared with the misery of a wet day, as we afterwards experienced. We had a real Wallachian for driver; he came in his gala suit, consisting of a prettily embroidered jacket without sleeves, which he wore over the invariable white cotton blouse or shirt, a white lamb-skin cap, something like a very large fez, and sandals fastened to his ankles with leather cords.

When working in the fields the Wallachian peasant never wears his jacket or his sandals, his only covering being the white shirt and trowsers, and a large leather belt, more or less orna-



WALLACHIAN PEASANT.

ble railway carriage; now the conveyance at my disposal was a tight cart, drawn by two horses, and without any covering overhead or springs underneath. These long carts are the usual vehicles of the country. Some are provided with benches fixed by straps or cords at either

ment, in which he carries his knife, his tobacco, and all the requirements for the day. Sometimes the lamb-skin cap is replaced by a very broad-brimmed black felt hat, which contrasts strangely with the white dress. As a rule, the men are extremely handsome; their

oval faces, well-shaped features, intelligent brows, and erect, manly bearing seem to indicate their accepted descent from a nation of warriors. They invariably wear their black hair in long locks, which fall gracefully over their shoulders; and, seen in the midst of their beautiful country, they form one of the most picturesque objects the eye can rest on.

The women do not contrast favorably with the men in appearance; they are generally small, and their features are worn and coarse through exposure and early toil. At a very tender age the Wallachian woman is put to outdoor work, and her beauty becomes marred by the effects of hard labor. Occasionally an exception to this rule is met with, particularly in the larger villages, where peasants are found wealthy and cultured enough not to send their daughters into the fields, and then they are found to possess great natural beauty, which is much enhanced by their confiding, modest demeanor. The expression of their eyes is peculiarly soft and fawn-like; and accustomed as they are to be treated as inferior beings, they seem surprised as well as pleased at the least notice being bestowed on them. It is painful to see the drudgery and hard work they undergo as a rule; not only are the cares of the household, such as it is, on their shoulders, but they have to attend to the garden and fields, reaping, sowing, storing, and carrying wood and water, besides which they spin and weave the rude cloth and blankets used by the family. Their dress is always simple, and resembles that of the men, in addition to which they wear a sort of colored petticoat, open at the sides, to give them freedom in walking; their hair is worn in tresses, ornamented with flowers or coins strung on a thread, and curiously interwoven in the hair. Young girls never wear any covering on the head, but married women use a white scarf with colored ends, gracefully folded, after the manner of a turban. They generally go barefooted, but use the sandal for long walks, and on gala days a pair of boots.

I remarked in the remote districts, among

the Carpathians, that on festive occasions the belles of the villages wore boots, of which they seemed very proud, though not one of the men could boast of such a luxury. At Deva, however, which is a railway station, and more or less Germanized, the Wallachs adopt a mixed



WALLACHIAN PEASANT-GIRL.

costume, some of them dressing completely after German fashion. But this is very rare, as they seem, in the midst of what they consider an invasion of foreign customs, to preserve almost completely their own habits and manners. Certainly in their language they are very

tenacious, and from Deva onward I did not meet a single Wallachian on either side of the Carpathians who could speak German fluently, and only a few who happened to have served in the Austrian army who could make themselves intelligible.

We had to make signs to our driver when we were ready to proceed, and all along the road our intercommunication was carried on in that way. He was, however, so intelligent that we found no difficulty whatever in getting him to do what we wanted, and he seemed only desirous of meeting our wishes, addressing us at times in his own language, of which at that time I could only understand one word, namely, *domu*, which means "sir." We rattled along at a good pace, when the road was tolerably even, up and down hill, through valleys, and across streams, sometimes by bridges, but more often driving through the water. The country we passed resembled a garden; the maize corn was just ripening, and the rich yellow of the fruit came out in charming relief on the green background of the leaves. Among the maize were water-melons of enormous size, and sugar-melons, and cucumbers, slowly growing on the ground. Here and there an orchard of plum-trees, the rich purple fruit weighting down the branches; then a wood of oaks and chestnuts, under the shade of which herds of swine were roaming, apparently their own masters. On the pastures in the valleys great numbers of cattle were grazing, and along the road we passed herds of swine and sheep bound for Hartzeg, where a fair was being held at the time.

We reached Vaida-Hunyad early in the afternoon, and halted at the principal inn facing the market-place of the town, a square containing about twenty acres, a desert of mud, with a stream through the center, where numbers of geese and ducks were disporting themselves. The houses all round were solidly built of stone, and the shop-fronts displayed the usual class of goods in request, such as rough ironmongery, saddlery, and rustic hosiery. Our hostelry was a long, narrow, one-storied building, showing only windows in front, and a veranda at the back overlooking the garden, from which numerous doors led into the different rooms.

I lost no time in making my way to the castle, the old residence of the Hunyadi in olden times. This interesting relic of past days was nearly completely destroyed by fire in 1854, and remained untouched until quite lately, when, having become almost a ruin, it was decided to renovate it, and rebuild it as far as possible in its former character. Very little remained of

the ancient structure beyond the walls, but at present the roofs have been nearly all replaced, and the workmen are engaged in repairing the walls, and scratching off the plaster and white-wash which covers the old fresco paintings. The castle is surrounded by a moat, now dry and overgrown with weeds, over which a draw-bridge leads through a gate and archway into the castle yard; off this is a magnificent banqueting-hall, with a gallery on one side, and surrounded with the portraits of members of the family painted on the wall. Many of these are defaced and ruined, but some have withstood the action of time and fire, thanks to the thick coatings of mortar which covered them. So little remains of the old interior, that I could only form an idea of its ancient splendor, and the greatness of the family to whom it belonged.

The Hunyadi, who formerly inhabited this castle, and gave their name to the little town built round it, were among the most powerful nobles of past centuries, and ruled over Hungary as kings for more than a hundred years. The first of the name who distinguished himself was John Hunyad, vaivode of Transylvania in 1340, who successfully resisted the invading Turks for many years, and gained numerous victories over them. He was elected Protector of Hungary after the battle of Warna, in which the Turks were successful, and the then King of Hungary, Wladislaus, was slain. His reign was one series of wars with different enemies of Hungary, more especially the Turks, who were eventually defeated by him before the walls of Belgrade, and driven back, in 1456. He died soon after this victory, and his son succeeded him as king. Hunyadi was of Wallachian origin, though his life was devoted to the interests of Hungary, and he figures in the history of that country as one of its most brilliant patriots. The dynasty which he founded reigned over Hungary until 1490, during some of the most troubled times of that afflicted country. All the Hunyadi were warlike, and the history of their reigns is one of constant feud, against the aggressive Turks on one hand and the ambitious emperors of Germany on the other. The last of the race died at Vienna, after defeating the Emperor Frederick IV, of Germany, and Hungary was soon after overrun by the Turks, who held it for many years.

I spent some hours amid these old walls, with their noble associations, and felt a regret when I turned my back on them to descend to the village, and find my way back into the café of the hotel. The cooking of this establishment was perceptibly Wallachian. The beef was boiled and boiled to rags, the fowl roasted

to dryness, and the side-dishes contained thin slices of hard sausage. The dessert, however, made amends for a somewhat frugal fare; the fruit was exquisite, the melon particularly so, and the café and "slievovitz" unexceptional. It may be advisable here to inform the reader what "slievovitz" really is. It is a sort of brandy, made from plums, and when well prepared is a most acceptable liquor. It is the usual drink of the Wallachian; he grows the plums in his garden, and his wife concocts the liquid, which is then carefully preserved, to be drunk on grand occasions and saints' days. Moreover, it is peculiar to Wallachia and the Wallachians of Transylvania, for although well known in Hungary, it is not there the national alcoholic beverage. I might mention *en passant* that in many towns of Hungary there are large spirit distilleries, where the spirit is obtained from the root of the sugar mangel-wurzel. This is quite a staple industry, owing to the great advantages the soil offers for growing that crop. The plant is, however, unknown south of the Maros at present.

The neighborhood of Vaida-Hunyad also boasts of some industry. The manufacture of charcoal iron here is of great antiquity. It would be difficult to assign any period for its origin, which goes back to remote ages, before the occupation of the Romans, who have left traces of their searches for gold. At present the iron-works belong to and are carried on by Government. The iron produced is quite malleable, and is converted on the spot into nail rod and small bars, which the inhabitants for many miles round come to fetch, and carry off in small quantities on the backs of their mountain ponies. I had a smart ride of fifteen miles to Gylar, near where the works are situated, rendered very fatiguing by the uncomfortable saddle I was forced to use. These dreadful saddles, made of wood, with a covering of sheep-skin, are real instruments of torture to the traveler unaccustomed to them, and the peculiar jog-trot of the ponies renders the ordeal still more unpleasant. It was a relief to me when I was able to dismount, and when the time came for the return journey, I mounted with a feeling of positive dread at the prospect before me. However, the visit was worth the trouble, as it was highly interesting to see the process of smelting iron carried on in such a remote spot, and the immense deposits of iron ore, which are such as exist in very few parts of Europe.

During the day we had some showers of rain, and on our return the weather looked threatening, as if settled for a steady down-pour. The

afternoon turned out very wet, and we required some resolution to embark in our open cart for a long drive under a pelting rain. We were, however, so anxious to push on that we determined to face the storm and risk a thorough wetting.

The road from Vaida-Hunyad to Hartzeg is very similar to the one which we had traveled over from Deva, and the country—at least as much of it as we saw—equally beautiful. But we had started late, and the shades of evening soon enveloped all around us in obscurity; moreover, it was raining, and the hills were buried in clouds. Thus, sitting on a bundle of hay saturated with water, and with our coverings wet through, unable to see any thing or while away the time with a cigar, we jogged along, not miserable, but cold and uncomfortable. Mile after mile of the road was passed over in silence, sometimes at a mild trot, generally slowly and cautiously, lest some unseen quagmire or unexpected boulder on the road should upset our conveyance.

When we reached the inn at Hartzeg we found it quite full, and were unable to obtain quarters. A cattle-fair was being held at the time in the town, and no less than two couples had chosen the occasion as a fitting one for their marriages, so that the place was overcrowded, and all the attendants in an exceptional state of bustle. Not only could we not get shelter in the hotel, such as it was, but every person was so busy that we were left standing in the yard, ankle-deep in mud, with the rain coming steadily down on us, and might have stood there all night had not some good-natured person, seeing that we were strangers, volunteered to help us to find a lodging for the night. So with him we sallied forth in search of some corner safe from rain and wind where we might rest. On our way we first met the Greek *papa*, or priest, and afterward the Protestant pastor, to both of whom our friend introduced us, and who were most polite and kind toward us. The latter knew of some place where he thought we could be comfortably received for the night, and thither our friend conducted us.

We entered a well-paved yard, where a dog greeted us with vicious barking. Presently a lantern moved toward us, which, when it got near, we found to be carried by the good woman of the house. Our position was explained to her, and, after some conversation, she agreed to receive us, and led us into the house. We warmly thanked the unknown friend who had so kindly helped us, and he bid us adieu, assuring us that we should find all our wants attended

to. The owner of the house was a school-master, and the only apartment he could offer us was the school-room, now unused, owing to holidays, so we were taken into a large, desolate-looking place, with numerous benches and forms stowed in one corner. It was cold and dreary enough, and not at all calculated to console men wet to the skin and fatigued as we were.

Our hostess seemed disposed to do all she could to make us comfortable. She lit a fire in the stove, and brought us in a table and chairs, also several bundles of fresh straw, which were laid out in a corner, and, having been covered with blankets, formed a very fair shakedown. Having changed our clothes and done justice to a supper of eggs and sausage, we soon felt the effects of our day's journey, and were glad to find even fresh straw upon which we might lie down and seek the repose that we so much needed.

The little town of Hartzeg is charmingly situated in the valley of the same name. This vale is one of the most beautiful and fertile in Transylvania. Here maize-fields and plum-orchards vie with each other in luxuriant growth, and herds of innumerable cattle are fattening on the rich pasture-land. The town itself is Wallachian in its appearance. The houses are mostly built of wood, and surrounded by gardens and small orchards. The streets, or rather avenues, are very wide, and devoid of any kind of pavement, so that in rainy weather they become almost impassable quagmires, as we found them next morning. The situation of the town, however, is extremely beautiful, in the center of a gracefully undulating plain, with the picturesque scenery of the Carpathian Mountains to relieve the eye in the distance. The Romans had a settlement here known as *Ulpia Trajana*, and have left many traces of their former occupation, such as mosaic pavements, coins, and gold-diggings. We found the market-place crowded with cattle of every description, brought there to be disposed of at the fair, and the roads leading out of the town in all directions were thronged with herds, either coming in from the mountains or leaving for the plains of Hungary.

Our time was unfortunately limited, as we had determined on reaching the Szill valley that day, and had therefore to bid an early adieu to Hartzeg. At the same time we bade farewell to civilization, even of a primitive kind, being prepared to find among the Carpathians much magnificent mountain scenery, but an absence of those comforts which habit renders almost indispensable.

THE CHURCH-COMMONWEALTH AND ITS HOLY WAR.

IN the struggles of Egypt the Hebrew commonwealth had its birth. At Mt. Sinai, which towers seven thousand feet into the clear, blue sky, in the giving of the law, it received its infant baptism. The journeying from the one to the other is attended by almost ceaseless miracles. Bitter waters are made sweet, and the smitten rock opens a fresh fountain. Their daily bread is rained from heaven in the morning, and quails come from the sea for their meat in the evening. How else could the immense multitude have been carried through the vast and barren wilderness in a journey of forty years?

Yet there are almost equal marvels of weakness and unbelief among the people. Twice did they murmur against Moses in the first three months of their freedom, and often hankered for the carnal good things of their bondage. Yet how signal the divine care! How full of covenant-nurture, of fatherly love and discipline! "Ye have seen what I did unto the Egyptians, and how I bore you on eagles' wings and brought you unto myself. Now, therefore, if ye will obey my voice indeed, and keep my covenant, then ye shall be a peculiar treasure unto me above all people, for all the earth is mine. And ye shall be unto me a kingdom of priests and a holy nation."

This passage stands as the declaration of their independence, and as preliminary to their national organization. It sets forth former grievances from which the people had been delivered, and declares the objects of their covenant compact—loyalty to the Supreme—a priestly and holy commonwealth. And the political constitution thereafter given with such tokens of majesty and power is prefaced with the cardinal doctrine of God, man's Maker and Helper—"I am the Lord thy God which brought thee out of the land of Egypt." The following ten precepts constitute the sum of all wise legislation, ancient and modern, and contain the ground principles of all good government. Their announcement makes an epoch, not only in Hebrew history, but also in the history of the world.

It introduces a system of constitutional law, political and criminal, ethical and religious. It was first given orally, and then written on tables of stone as an abiding ordinance, and codified for perpetual use. The negative form of the enactment—"Thou shalt not"—is everywhere protective and conservative. It is based on the existence of positive evil in the world, against

which the prohibition rises up as a moral barrier. The first article embraces the Divine unity and sovereignty—"Thou shalt have no other gods before me." It is a shield to theism, and a protest against Atheism and Pantheism. As expanded in the four following precepts it excludes all idolatry and image-worship, all profanation of God's holy name and day, and requires a reverence for parents as in some sense in the place of God to their children. In the observance of these is found the seeds and sum of all good.

The last command in the very brief code indicates and would foreclose all the sources of evil—"Thou shalt not covet." In the four precepts immediately preceding this is expanded into a protection for life and social purity, for property and character. Both tables center in love as the life of obedience—love to God the Ruler, and to our neighbor as a fellow-subject—and the sacred day provides for the culture of this love. Here are the elements of the social, political, and religious life of God's chosen people.

If any one doubts whether this law was from heaven, let him carefully examine it. Let him study its simplicity, its brevity, and comprehensiveness. Let him observe its perfect transparency, and yet depth of political wisdom and adaptedness to all the relations and duties of life, to human happiness and progress. Let him inquire what age, however advanced, has outgrown the need of it. Let him add to this code, if he can, what will make it wiser, or purer, or better, or let him point out what mars its symmetry or obstructs its beneficent influence.

Where did Moses get this law? The question is simple, and very easily answered on the doctrine of a divine revelation and providence. But it perplexes all classes of Rationalists, Naturalists, and Materialists, whether atheistic or pantheistic, for there are no principles of mere Naturalism or Rationalism that can explain the facts, or even admits them as facts. "So much advancement," says Vatke, "could not have been secured at so early a stage. Such perfection is found only after a long series of intermediate steps, at the end of the development."

"Uncritical tradition," say these critics, "has ascribed to Moses many religious views and truths which the Israelitish mind did not produce for a long series of later ages." "The traditions about the religion of the patriarchs are worthy of no credit, for if we concede to them the least historical worth we break in upon the space to be allowed for that long

series of developments which religion had to pass through before it could attain that height on which we see it standing in the Mosaic age."

Here the assault of the historical critics upon Bible history is open and bold. The facts accredited by the fullest testimony they say can not be facts. Why not? Because they are incompatible with their theories and guess-work. On the supposition that the accounts we have of what Moses did be even in the main true, both he and the whole course of the Hebrew history are phenomena utterly inexplicable. But to whom inexplicable? To the great body of careful students? No, but to this class of speculators. Therefore the Decalogue as it now is can not have been given by Moses. "The prohibition of image-worship must have originated in an age when the notion of the abstract ideality of God had been distinctly formed." But the Mosaic age can not claim the credit of such a giant step in religious truth. Nor is the tenth commandment allowed as a part of the Mosaic law. Why? Because that all guilty desire of what belongs to others should be so early forbidden appears to these men very improbable. The command, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," is a product of the later philosophies, and "could not have been expressed by the Hebrew lawgiver in such simplicity and universality."

Now, what is the historic and scientific value of these destructive criticisms? To what respect are they entitled in the realm of free thought and literary honesty? Have those who make them fairly challenged the witnesses and sifted the evidence? Have they disproved the alleged facts, or shown their incompatibility with right reason, or solid science? No, for the mass of the most careful examiners hold to these facts as both authentic and reasonable.

What, then, is the ground of such strictures upon this period? Partly dogmatism respecting miracles, the supernatural in history, and partly poetic disgust with the Providential plan. Strauss lays it down as a first principle that "there is no right conception of what history is apart from the conviction that a miracle is an impossibility." But who knows that miracles are impossible? Where is it so very plain as to be a "first principle" when there are so many credible witnesses that they have occurred? What is such absolute assertion but absolute, disgusting dogmatism?

And Goethe, from the intrinsic disagreeableness of the Pentateuch, caricatures Moses as the bloody Robespierre of the Old World. The destroying angel in Egypt, according to his poetic taste, was only "the havoc of the

Egyptians made by the Israelites at the instigation of their cruel leader." The representation of Moses as submitting to be detained forty years in the wilderness he asserts "entirely disfigures him as a hero." But Goethe's taste, poet as he was, may have been misformed and disfigured—the original be all right and heroic, and the part-painter all wrong.

In comparing the character of the Hebrews and the Greeks these men find the superiority altogether on the side of the Greeks. "The former," says De Wette, "made their Jacob the model of deceit. The latter had also their Ulysses, but how much more noble and exalted a character was he!"

Here we come to the transit across the bridge built by this boasted criticism, from a pure and lofty theism, one God, ruler of all, over to a gross and licentious polytheism and idolism—from the developed moral character of the patriarchs, to that of fabulous, lying Greek heroes. We have lost the divine revelations, but we have gained the divine Delphic oracles. We are robbed of sacred history, but find it replaced with a debasing mythology. We have left behind a living providence, and a breathing, progressive history, and have come to the dull, dead monotony of Naturalism, and the endless, planless modulations of an eternally self-repeating Pantheism. What do these men think we have gained by the change?

On the plain at the foot of Sinai, the theocratic organization of the chosen people was completed. The tabernacle of testimony was erected as the place of worship, and the central, attractive point to the nation. The tables of the law are deposited in the ark of the covenant which was to contain the sacred archives. A whole tribe is consecrated, and a priestly order established for the education of the people and the conduct of worship. The Sabbaths and the three great feast-days complete the provision for Church and political culture. All is arranged according to the Divine plan, and was the best for the time and circumstances. It was, indeed, a gorgeous ceremonial, wisely adjusted to the conditions of a gross people. And with equal wisdom it is adapted to their protection from a grosser heathenism, and their intellectual and moral elevation. History and prophecy blend in it, while menace and promise combine to keep this church nation in a general harmony with their grand ethics—political constitution as choice seed-grain to be sown in a wider field and a more fruitful soil for a future, glorious harvest.

At the close of forty years Moses, the man of meekness and of miracles, the right arm of

Providence, and the first and only narrator of some of the grandest events in history—this poet, hero, and statesman, looks from the top of Nebo over into the land of his prayers and of promise, and laying off his armor enters the heavenly Canaan.

By Divine appointment Joshua receives the leadership of the people. They pass over the Jordan as they did through the Red Sea, and enter the promised land. At the expiration of seven years the conquest is achieved, and the inheritance apportioned among the tribes. Canaan, according to the announcement made to Noah, is now a servant to Shem. Abraham, as God promised, has a numerous seed established in the promised land—a youthful and vigorous theocratic commonwealth. They were in conflict with the strong forces of heathenism in Egypt, and conquered. They had a prolonged struggle with the grosser and more heathenish Canaanites, among whom sin had come to the disgusts of sensual and moral rottenness, and they conquered. The victory is indisputable. But an important question arises here: By what right did these Hebrew invaders thus take possession of this land of the Canaanites? There are some facts that will cast light upon the question, even if they should not furnish to all a satisfactory answer.

1. The land had been assigned to the descendants of Abraham by special grant from the great proprietor, four hundred years before.

2. The wickedness of its occupants, and their desert of retributive justice, is a declared ground of this Providential interposition.

3. By the course of events the land had come to be needed for the development of great principles, and for the plan on which so much depended of the future of history and the welfare of the race.

4. There does not appear the slightest malice on the part of these claimants to the territory. They were governed by a simple desire to execute God's commandments and accomplish his purposes. Of this singular fact the books of Deuteronomy and Joshua are full of the most satisfactory proof. "And it shall be if thou do at all forget the Lord thy God, and walk after other gods and serve them, and worship them, I testify against you this day," solemnly declares Moses, "that ye shall surely perish. As the nations which the Lord destroyeth before your face, so shall ye perish, because ye would not be obedient unto the voice of the Lord your God." There was nothing in all this struggle of the Church principles with heathenism, except its incompleteness, that was contrary to the Divine plan, or required essential correction.

The destruction of one nation by another is a law of history and of progress now, as four thousand years ago. But of inhumanity or cruelty in this war there was none. The spirit of this period in Hebrew history is pure and benevolent beyond that of almost any other age. It illustrates the simplicity and the effectiveness of theocratic government, and marks the bloom as it does the youth of the covenant commonwealth. It was composed of young men, only two of whom, Joshua and Caleb, were over forty years of age when the war commenced. It was a choice generation, isolated from a gross and debauching idolism. All of them had been disciplined by hardship and trials, and trained by the skillful hand and strong will of Moses.

Their leader, Joshua, was a model military chieftain, who knew well how to command, because he had first learned to obey the sovereign commander. He had no ambition for office, but merely accepted it when laid upon him. He had no self-will except simply to execute the Divine will. Prudent and humane, as in his treatment of the wily Gibeonites, he was yet exact and inexorable in his discipline, as in the case of Achan. No spoils of war tempted him to covetousness, and no gold ever cleaved to his palm. He was gentle, but bold; meek, yet, in executing the Providential decrees, unflinching. He never hesitated to go forward when a door was open before him. He never wavered under a call of duty, whatever darkness might overhang his way. And he never doubted of final success, for he knew that God was mightier than men.

Such a purely theocratic spirit, and yet such pyramid-like grandeur of character; such evenness of disposition, and such majesty of movement in the leader, mark, most unmistakably, the period and the people as under a law of progress, and in the development of some important part of the vast Divine plan.

Compare Joshua with Alexander, with Cæsar, with Napoleon, and his war with theirs, and then determine which were the more civilized and civilizing. In the fifty battles of Cæsar, during his conquests in Western Europe, twelve millions fell victims to his lust of empire. On the same principle of godless ambition, seven hundred thousand perished, or were carried captive, during the siege and at the destruction of Carthage.

From such greed of empire, and mere pride of conquest, this Church-movement was entirely free. The divine, from beginning to end, is the ruling factor, and the human, simply co-operative. To impugn the war, therefore, is to

impeach the wisdom or the benevolence of the Deity.

It was, peculiarly, a war of the Lord; a war with a view to the largest public interests requiring the present exclusion of the debauched children of Ham, on a broad principle of divine conservation, which looks to their future inclusion among the covenant children of Shem.

In that admirable farewell address, as Joshua, the old warrior, was about departing from the scenes of his earthly conflicts—a document unequalled in political wisdom and safe counsels by any issues from our modern war or state departments—the whole achievement is referred directly to the Supreme Ruler, and their future prosperity made to turn on their loyalty to him. "Ye have seen all that the Lord your God hath done unto all these nations, because of you. For the Lord hath driven out before you great nations and strong. For the Lord your God, he it is that fighteth for you as he hath promised you. Take good heart, therefore, unto yourselves, that ye love the Lord your God. Be ye very courageous to keep and to do all that is written in the Law of Moses, that ye turn not aside therefrom to the right hand or to the left."

Here is unfolded the whole spirit of this remarkable movement, and of this period of sacred history. The divine is the dominant; the human, the subservient and obedient; the end, simple theism, pure worship, a covenant people, the seed of Abraham—all looking to the seed of the woman, in whom all the families of the earth shall be blessed, in whom they all are more and more being blessed.

GATHERING PERUVIAN BARK.

IN a mysterious manner the Creator has hid away in the various kingdoms of nature, animal, vegetable, and mineral substances having strange influences over the bodies of men, and available thereby to correct, and often to cure irregular or diseased action. The properties of these substances, the strange places in which they are often found, the peculiar action that they have on the human system, make the study of medicines peculiarly interesting. What can be more remarkable than that the bark of a tree growing in South America furnishes a powder which, when administered to persons in North America, Europe, or Asia, laboring under ague, or remittent fever, has almost certain power over the disease, breaking up the paroxysms of the ague, and quelling the exacerbations of fever? Nor is the wonder

made less by the discovery, some years ago, that it is really not the bark, after all, that has this magic power, but a certain little powder hid away in the bark, and which may be extracted from it by chemical manipulation, and all the virtues of an ounce of the bark thus be found concentrated in a few grains of quinine.

Who would ever guess the power of this little white powder, or what physician or scientist, even to this day, can form the most remote conception of how this little powder from the forests of South America performs its wonderful work in checking the paroxysms of disease? The most powerful medicines in the world exist in this form; namely, as a delicate, crystalline substance hid away in some vegetable growth. The juice of the poppy inspissated becomes opium; but hid away in the opium is the little crystalline body, morphine, which is the real substance that manifests the power of the opium. In the rough, coarse nux vomica is found the powerful strychnia. What would the world have suffered without the little white powder hid away in the poppy, and concealed from view so long in the crude opium! The old doctors, before the discovery of the modern anæsthetics in the form of chloroform, ether, etc., called it the *magnum Dei donum*, "the great gift of God." What suffering has been prevented by the wonderful and specific power of quinine! But what is quinine but a white powder hid away in small quantities in the bark of certain trees of South America? Who can tell us why it was put there? Who can tell us of any office or use which it serves in the bark of the tree? Who can tell us why or how this little white powder should be a specific against certain forms of fever? Is it not, after all, God "who healeth all thy diseases," and "who causeth the herb to grow for the service of man?"

Quinine is a chemical product extracted from the bark of certain South American trees known as cinchonas. These are evergreen trees or shrubs which grow in the tropical Andes, between ten degrees of north latitude and nineteen degrees south, at a height of from seven to eight hundred feet above the level of the sea. The cinchonæ have regular hermaphrodite flowers; monosepalous calyx with five teeth; the corolla is monopetalous, cup-shaped, and five-lobed; stamens five, alternate with these lobes, inserted upon the tube of the corolla; anthers two-celled, opening from within. The pistil consists of an inferior ovary surmounted by a style, divided into two stigmatic branches. The ovary has two cells, in each of which is a large placenta filled with anatropal ovules; the first is a capsule which opens from above

in two valves; the seeds are winged. Wonderful medicinal properties reside in this family. The bark of most of the ligneous species contains an astringent and bitter principle, which, though existing in other genera, is more abundant in the cinchona, and especially in *C. calisaya*, the bark of which appears to be the richest in quinine of all the known species.

The mode of procuring this invaluable febrifuge is interesting. The province of Casabaya, where the best calisaya bark is found, is divided by the Cordilleras into two distinct regions; the one forming table-lands, the other comprehending a long series of parallel valleys. These valleys furnish the greater part of the Peruvian bark. It would be difficult to give an idea of all the treasures of vegetation buried in these vast solitudes. The thirst for gold formerly peopled them, but the wilderness has resumed its empire, and the ax of the cascarillero alone breaks its silence now.

The name of cascarillero is given to those men who cut the Peruvian bark in the woods; they are brought up to this occupation from their childhood, and instinctively, as one might say, they find their way to the center of the forest, through almost inextricable labyrinths, as if the horizon were open before them.

These cascarilleros do not gather the Peruvian bark for their own profit. Generally they are enrolled in the service of some tradesman or small company, who send a sort of overseer to superintend their labor. Having fixed upon a portion of the forest favorable to their purpose, the party proceed to make roads to the point which is to be the center of their operations. From this time every part of the forest a view of which is commanded by the new pathway becomes provisionally the property of the party, and no cascarilleros dare work it.

The overseer, having established his camp, proceeds to build a hangar, or wooden hut, in which he can shelter himself and store his provisions; and, if their stay is likely to be prolonged, he does not hesitate to sow maize and vegetables for the use of the party, the cascarilleros in the mean time wandering over the forest one by one, or in small bands, each enveloped in his poncho, with provisions for several days, and the blankets which constitute their beds. They range the forest, ax or knife in hand, to clear away the innumerable obstacles which arrest their progress at every step, for the cascarillero is exposed to perils which often endanger his life. The forests are rarely composed entirely of cinchonas, but these shrubs form groups more or less numerous, scattered here and there in the depths of the

forest. Sometimes, and this is commonly the case, they are completely isolated. If the position be favorable a glance at the branches, a slight display of color peculiar to the leaves, a

particular coloring of these same organs, the aspect produced by a large mass of inflorescence, reveals the branch of the *manchas*, as the Peruvians term the tree, at a great distance.



GATHERING BARK IN A PERUVIAN FOREST.

In other circumstances he must content himself with an inspection of the trunk, in which the outer layer of bark, the fallen leaves even, are sufficient to make known the neighborhood of

the object of their search. Having marked the group, they begin operations by felling the tree with the ax, a little above the root, taking care, in order to lose none of the bark, to bare it at

the place where the ax is to be laid; and, as the thickest part is surrounded by the largest quantity of bark, and is consequently the most profitable, it is usual to dig out the earth at the foot of the trunk, so that the barking should be complete.

When, at last, the tree falls, the outer bark is gathered by means of a wooden mallet or the back of an ax. The part thus stripped is then brushed, and divided throughout by uniform incisions. The bark is separated from the trunk by means of a knife, with the point of which the surface of the wood is raised. The bark of the branches is separated much as that of the trunk. The details of dressing the bark vary a little in the two cases. In fact, the thinner plates of the bark of the branches, which make the rolled bark, called *canuto*, are merely exposed to the sun, when they take of themselves the desired form, which is that of a hollow cylinder. But those which are the produce of the trunk, and constitute the ordinary bark, which is called *tabla*, are subjected during the drying process to great pressure, without which they would take the shape of the others. After their first exposure to the sun the squares are disposed, one on the top of the other, just like the planks of deal in a lumber-yard, and are kept level by means of heavy weights laid on the pile. The next day the squares of bark are put back again in the sun for a short while, then back again into the press, and so on. In this state they are left at last, and this is the form in which they are brought to market.

But the work of the *cascarillero* is not nearly finished, even when the preparation of the bark is over; his spoil has to be conveyed to the camp. With a heavy load upon his shoulder, he has to retrace the intricate paths that he traversed with difficulty without his burden. In some districts the bark has to be carried through the wood during fifteen or twenty days. It is difficult to conceive how such labor can be properly remunerated.

The care of packing the bark, which devolves upon the overseer, is no unimportant part of the labor. He arranges the different loads, as the cutters bring them into the camp, in parcels, which are sewn up in woolen canvas packing. In this condition the bales are transported on the backs of men, asses, or mules to the town depots, where they are packed in copper, in which state they acquire a great solidity. When dry they are called *surous*, and in this condition they are shipped abroad. Our engraving represents the harvesting of the bark of the cinchona, in the manner described, in a Peruvian forest.

THROUGH THE FIRE.

A FEW months since, at a meeting of the Executive Board of the North-Western Branch of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, resolutions sent by the Indianapolis members of the Society were under consideration. After a preamble, stating that by extravagance in dress, housekeeping, and general modes of living, our money is wasted, we are incumbered with cares, deprived of time for devotional and charitable duties, and thereby the salvation of our own souls, and that of those committed to our care, is imperiled, it was resolved to urge upon all members of the Society special economy, that they might give more largely for this work. "Why, how can we retrench?" queried some of those Chicago ladies. "Surely we are not extravagant. We can't see how we can economize any more closely." Many of us have found out "how to retrench" since the tornado of fire has laid our chief city in ruins. The ladies, in that last meeting in old "Clark-Street," might have equipped and supported a missionary with less economy than they now use daily—excellent Christian women, working in all good causes, "giving to every thing" as we say; yet, when the necessity comes, and the absolute demand is made, they find they can greatly simplify and cheapen their modes of living.

The question presses my heart painfully—will this lesson be lost? When the block is rebuilt, and the mortgage cleared off, and the marble front moved into again, will good people forget the simplicity that was forced upon them when God touched their city with his finger of flame? Will other cities wait to learn in like fearful fashion?

Never was there warmer benevolence than Chicago has witnessed since its fiery baptism—provisions and clothing by the car load, for the houseless and hungry. Ah, the lesson has been heeded, and we take courage. This crooked, crippled, Christ-bought humanity has kindness at its base. We have been very weary of its selfishness and greed, but it is worth working for yet, thank God! There is water everywhere, if we can only get at it through the rock. So, under this flinty crust, there was a warm, quick heart, and this trouble has bored down to it. They sink Artesian wells, till they strike a current of clear, cold water. This calamity has opened the fountain of Christian giving, and it flows, as never before, in this arid land. "Thousands of people on the lake shore, without shelter, clothing, or food! Women and children, within thirty, twenty, ten miles,

dying of starvation!" Tears dropped on the cooking-stoves that were crowded with baking and boiling the livelong night, and when the contribution train came along every little station had its relief-car ready. That was good. And yet there is a more fearful destitution—an awful need that never abates, day or night—a crying to the unknown Christ of starving millions, who perish, body and soul, with the unutterable hunger. O, that God would touch with fire the lips that plead for them!

Christian people have abundance. They might meet the Lord's demand if they would. They are ready to give when they are made to understand the necessity. What we want is, by some Gospel process, to get rid of the strata of rock that overlies the living fountains, so that something less tangible than a Chicago Artesian agony can reach them.

It is a trick of Satan to keep people thinking that they must dress as elegantly, live in as fine houses, and as grand style, as—"well, those that we associate with, you know." And they must be forever in a scramble to improve their associations; not by finding men and women of better brain, higher culture, purer morals, but those who dress, and live, and drive about in a more elegant manner. So, when their income makes it easy to keep up to a certain mode, and give as they ought, for God's work, they find they have gradually outgrown the plainer life, and they have all they can do to keep even with present surroundings, leaving but a pittance for benevolence. I think the only safety is to establish this principle, unshakably—with the responsibility of so much property, such a proportion is due the Lord's causes; and I will be honest in this, no matter what the people about me do or say.

One remarked to Dr. Nast, a few days ago, "Your German Methodists are more benevolent than their American neighbors. For their means they give ten times as well." "Yes," he replied, and then his face grew exceedingly sorrowful, "yet I have such a grief with my people; as soon as they get property they forget to give. We have but few that have grown rich, but most of them fail to give as they did when they were poor."

The papers have been telling a story of a man in Indiana, who gave a tenth while he was doing a moderate business, but when, by a sudden tilt of fortune during the war, his hominy mill began to turn out heavy profits, he could not bring himself to give the thirty or forty dollars a day that the tenth amounted to. The night he decided the matter in the interest of self, he was awakened to find his hominy mill

in flames. John Wesley decided, in the outset, how much he could afford to spend upon himself, and all through life he held himself to that figure—a very low one. All above it, that he gained by voice or pen, was given to God's work, and it amounted to no inconsiderable sum.

Christian women must practice economy.

Not that women are more extravagant than men. Of that part of our annual tobacco bill of fifty millions, that goes for the poisoning of Christians, only a fraction is used by women. There are plenty of indulgences in which men waste money of which their wives and daughters are innocent.

There are women who are in the pitiful condition of domestic beggars, living upon less than a housekeeper's wages, doled out to them with far more grumbling than would be safe in paying a servant. Of course the monetary responsibility of such is small. But many married women control and must answer for the spending of their share of the joint property. When we go to some women for a small installment of their arrears to the Lord's work, they take refuge in this foolish excuse, "I'd like to give, but I don't hold the purse. My husband," etc. Yet, when they want something extra in the way of dress or living, they usually manage to get at the purse. "O, but my husband likes to see me look well, and keep up with other women. He don't see the need of these things, though." Are you sure, if you felt the need of this work yourself as you ought, you could not bring him to see it? You know women usually move first in moral matters. And then, if you set yourself about getting a hundred dollars out of the joint pocket-book for the Ladies' Industrial Association, or the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, as resolutely, carefully, and persistently as you do for a new shawl, or a set of furs, would you not be as successful?

To be sure, masculine vanity is not one whit behind the feminine infirmity; yet we have ample means of appeasing it, if we are only rid of the sin ourselves. By our deportment, and conversation, and Christliness, we can convince our husbands that there is something better for woman than simply looking well.

In usage and law there is a constant increase of liberality in regard to a woman helping earn the property, and controlling her share of it. This gives added responsibility. Do we understand it? God puts the home under the woman's hand. She lays the base of character. He gives her a chance at the children long before another may touch them. Some woman

must answer to him for the bent of every man's life. The one hope of the world is in women who shall comprehend and use this power for Christ. Women, of all others, ought to keep pace with every benevolence—every phase of Christian earnestness. They are not working for the culture and growth of one life—the ennobling of one soul. They are standing for two, or six, or ten. God help them! If Susanna Wesley had been narrow in her sympathies, pinched in her charities, could she have been the mother of men who moved millions toward the better life? You may be sure every plan for the development of spiritual power, every scheme for helping the poor, every effort for the salvation of the masses, and for evangelizing the nations was thought of, and prayed for, and talked over before those children in the Epworth rectory. And thorough work that mother made, too. She shrank from no publicity that God's cause demanded; yet we can not think it possible for such a woman to parade her giving or her doing. Women must save and give from pure motives. Children have keen eyes; and people usually drop their masks at home. Children have a sharp scent for falsities; and the taint of personal pleasure and self-seeking will spoil the influence upon them of our good works.

The only safe economy is that used for Christ's sake. If we save to get rich, we petrify our own hearts and those of our children, fitting them to be "ground to powder." The children of a miser are usually spendthrifts. Said a man in Chicago the day after the fire, "Yesterday I was worth a quarter of a million; I have next to nothing left, and I'm glad of it. I have pinched, and saved, and worked to get this together, and my boys were squandering it in spite of me. We were all going to the bad together. I'm glad it's gone; for now we've all got to go to work, and there's just a chance left for us to live better."

Only a pure, strong mother can pilot a family of children by the sunken rocks. One passed into life, a few months ago, whose record is glorious. Her husband, a man of political standing and sterling integrity, yet not a Christian, was more in the way of the piety of her boys than if he had been an outbreking sinner. Yet she carried her large family right by his negative opposition into the Savior's fold. They became, not merely Church members, but active prayer-meeting workers. At the last, before she went to God, her husband's proud will gave way, and he, too, came to Jesus. As women are so largely responsible for the character of the home and the training of the chil-

dren, they must learn and use economy, for Christ's sake and Christ's work.

The benevolence of a Christian woman gave the Church Garrett Biblical Institute. Women built Heck Hall, the living place of our students of theology. Women were building, at Evans-ton, a college for ladies, intended to give young women as fair a chance for education as that enjoyed by young men. The fire has swept away the income of one and the subscription of the other institution. Their finances are worse than nothing. And now the women of the Church must rally to their rescue. We need cultured brains in our pulpits; we need just as certainly cultured brains to manage our homes. If Garrett Biblical Institute is allowed to fail, the Methodist Church in the North-West goes backward fifty years. If this effort to give the women of the North-West opportunity for university education does not succeed, their chances for broad culture and consequent usefulness can not meet the demands of the time in this generation or the next. Worse for the land than cholera, or famine, or fire tornadoes will be these failures. Alas! alas! the forces that make or unmake a civilization, that turn the battle for Christ or Belial are so impalpable we fail to understand them till the hour is gone by, and the doom is sealed! In the Valley of the Mississippi is raging the fiercest fight of Rationalism and Popery against Evangelism. Upon this desperate struggle may hinge the salvation of the world. In this time of sore need, can the pioneer Church, the aggressive Church, spare the culture of its women and of its pastors? Sisters, let us face this question; it is asked each of us of God.

Never did woman hold such a scepter as American Protestantism has placed in her hands. Never had she such chances to help prepare the way for the coming of the Christ, the best friend she ever had or ever will have. Mordecai said to Esther, "Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?" But he said also, "If thou altogether holdest thy peace at this time, then shall there enlargement and deliverance arise from another, but thou and thy father's house shall be destroyed." God grant that Methodist women of the North-West may understand and meet the exigencies of the hour!

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THAT is not the best sermon which makes the hearers go away talking to one another and praising the speaker, but that which makes them go away thoughtful, serious, and hastening to be alone.

WAIT.

WAIT! God's plans unravel slow.
Through what endless cycles ran
This old world of fire and snow,
Ere its crust was fit for man!
Flood and darkness, fire and death,
Earthquake rending, arctic sway;
Century growths in tropic breath,
Centuries more of slow decay;
Granite ages numberless,
While the old earth's ribs grew strong,
Ages more to weave her dress,
Deck her beauty, tune her song.
Wait! the nations rise and fall,
Empires vanish, thrones grow old;
God, who waits and orders all,
Sees his great designs unfold.
Wait! the words in Freedom's name,
Spoken in her darkest day,
Caught from martyr lips of flame,
Live again in Rome to-day.
Long old Israel blindly saw
Christ in types and shadows move;
Long in thunders of the law
Read God's perfect plan of love.
See how now the hour delays
Of the Gospel's triumph song;
For the spreading of its rays
Wait the nations, O, how long!
Wait! how long the germs lie low,
Locked in cold and darkness, till,
Stronger than the rime and snow,
They the land with beauty fill!
Robed in purple, green, and gold,
Stainless snow, unblemished blue;
Fairer garb than kings of old
In their glory ever knew.
Wait! the Summer of thy hope
Shall not fail to dawn at last;
All its radiance will ope
Brighter for thy Wint'ry past.
Wait! what matter when or where?
Labor is its own reward,
Thine alone to do and dare,
Leave the wages to thy Lord.
Wait! he loves a patient soul;
Work—a willing service give;
While the ceaseless ages roll
Thou shalt work and, working, live.
Time enough thy goal to reach,
And each purpose to complete;
Wait and learn what time can teach,
What thy waiting soul shall meet.
Further on, thou soon wilt know.
Cease thy pining discontent;
Onward still life's currents flow,
And when all its tides are spent

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Life begins—ah, 't is not long,
Though, perchance, the ages roll
Ere is heard the triumph song
Of the still aspiring soul.

Sometime, somewhere, we are sure,
All the buds of hope shall bloom;
Wait, impatient soul, endure
Yet awhile the Wint'ry gloom.

Each plan ripens, each blade thrives,
God hath each soul in his care;
In his wide, good world it lives,
Loves and strives—what matter where?

Where or how? O, wait and see!
All thy glory who can know,
Waiting now for thee and me
Just beyond those peaks of snow?

SWEET FACES.

CHILD-FACES round us beaming,
How wonderful they are!
Although so common seeming,
Yet each a perfect star;
In every crowded city
These new conceits have birth,
And thoughts of God in pity
Are thus express'd on earth.

When Katie's face I'm viewing,
If she's at work or play,
Whatever she is doing,
She leads my mind away
To where bright birds are winging
Swift flight from tree to tree,
And songs to her are singing—
Or so it seems to me.

There's Rose, a little lady,
Now nearly ten years old,
So quaint and so old-maidy,
So shy, and yet so bold;
In all she says so clever,
In all she does so kind,
And sunlight shines forever
Her gravest looks behind.

There's Annie, always smiling,
I think she can not frown,
That smile is so beguiling,
O, could I write it down!
O! could I to these pages
The perfect charm impart,
To bind through all the ages
The deathless human heart!

If one sweet face has vanished
That seemed to us divine,
From one delight we're banished,
Yet are not left to pine;
For freely in all places
As flowers from the sod,
Spring up these childish faces,
So bountiful is God!

REV. JOHN P. DURBIN, D. D.

WE present our readers in our opening number for the present year an admirable portrait of one of the greatest men of American Methodism, John P. Durbin. The portrait we consider the greatest success that has yet been attained in getting the physiognomy of Dr. Durbin on paper. He is one of the impracticable men for all kinds of artists; the photographer dreads such a man, so much of whose facial appearance and character depends upon his moods, and whose appearance differs so widely as you look upon him alive, and with his animated countenance aglow with feeling and inspiration, or as he sits down in quiet repose to have his face caught up in the camera. The same facts make him the dread of portrait artists and of engravers. We remember his leading us at one time to look at a very finely painted portrait hanging in a room of his son-in-law's house. The picture was an admirably executed one, but we were mortified in our blunder in not for a moment supposing it had been intended for himself, but were saved by his genial laugh, when we innocently asked whose portrait it was. Several attempts have been made to put him on wood, but the failure has been complete. Years ago Dr. Stevens, then editor of the *National Magazine*, made a desperate effort to secure his likeness, but unmercifully threw the block under the table. A few years ago the Doctor visited Europe for the purpose of studying more closely our European missions. The Germans caught him, led him to a gallery in Berlin, and in a moment the sun fixed him on the plate in one of his best moods. From this photograph our engraver has produced the excellent likeness that embellishes this number.

It is scarcely necessary to give a pen-portrait of Dr. Durbin, nearly all the Methodist family having seen him, through his vast travels throughout the entire connection during the last twenty years and more, as Corresponding Secretary of the Missionary Society. He is slight in person, delicate in features, quick in motion; sometimes almost listless in quiet repose, then full of life and animation; head small and forehead low, contradicting most emphatically the doctrines of phrenology; eyes of blue, sometimes dreamy, and sometimes wide open and flashing fire; mouth delicate, lips thin and flexible, sometimes utterly expressionless, and then in a moment full of meaning; his hair is soft and silky, now well frosted with age; his voice is peculiar, not strong, not wide in its range or compass, incapable of

touching either very high or very low notes, yet thoroughly cultivated, completely under the control of the speaker, obedient to his will as a musical instrument that he had thoroughly mastered. We should not wonder if originally it had been quite defective, and its possessor had known it, and had overcome its defects by elocutionary cultivation, and had learned the art of making some of its unalterable imperfections elements of power in the use of it. Perhaps this has made him the thorough elocutionist he is, and has taught him to realize what power of oratory may be wielded in a simple colloquial tone.

Dr. Durbin was born in Bourbon county, Kentucky, October 10, 1800, and at this time has just entered his seventy-second year. His family were Methodists, his grandfather having been one of the pioneers of the Church in Kentucky. At the age of eighteen he was converted, just about the time at which the Missionary Society of the Church, for which he has done such eminent service, was passing through the process of birth. His conversion was not sudden or powerful, but silent, gentle, and clear. In those days striking and noisy conversions were the rule; that he did not pass through such a process was for some time a temptation to him; but the clearness and depth of his communion with God, soon satisfied him of his pardon and acceptance, and that the Divine Spirit is not confined to any one set of phenomena for the manifestation of his work in the human heart. While even thus questioning his own conversion, and still modestly hesitating whether he should join the Church, he felt a deep conviction that it was his duty to preach the Gospel. In this undetermined state of mind his old grandfather startled him by suddenly saying to him one day, "John, are you not concerned about preaching the Gospel?" It was the outward voice of the Church corresponding with the inward voice of the Spirit, and he was at once confirmed in his conviction, and surrendered himself to the call of duty. He immediately joined the Church, and in a week more he was licensed to preach by the quarterly conference, and was sent by one of the apostles of the West, Alexander Cummins, to Limestone circuit. Next year the "Old Western Conference" was divided, and he was sent alone into the north-west corner of Ohio, where the Indians still roved, to look after some one hundred members of the Church, who were scattered through the wilderness over a circuit of some two hundred miles.

Thus the boy, while yet in his minority, was thrust out into the work, and on his circuit in

the wilderness he began his education for the work of the ministry. The homes of his parishioners were then only log-cabins, generally having but a single room, which served for parlor, dining-room, kitchen, bedroom, and on stated times, as chapel for the religious meetings. His first book of study was Clarke's Commentary, a copy of which in numbers he found in the family of an old German. He borrowed it in numbers, carried them about with him in a tin can strapped to his saddle-bags, and almost transcribed the Pentateuch and New Testament, in his diligent and thorough study. To this he added shortly the works of Wesley and Fletcher. His place of study was in the log-cabin, in the common room, in the midst of the family; sometimes at night by the only light of a burning pine-knot; sometimes in the saddle, while his horse was leisurely walking the road; sometimes under the trees in the forests through which his circuit lay.

Next year he was sent into Indiana, and had for his colleague James Collord, who afterward was for many years the printer of the Book Concern at New York. Mr. Collord directed his attention to English grammar, which the young student in a short time thoroughly committed to memory, most of it while riding the circuit on his horse. In a short time he attracted the notice of Dr. Martin Ruter, who advised him to study Latin and Greek, and gave him the grammars. The omnivorous student went to work and memorized the Latin and Greek grammars. The next year Providence rewarded his industry and sent him to Hamilton, Ohio, within about twelve miles of Oxford, where is located the Miami University. The young student determined to make use of his opportunity by attending the University; though he had many a sore battle for it, many of his members looking upon it as a piece of folly to be wasting his time in these studies, and others feeling that he could not do it without neglecting his work. But his indomitable perseverance conquered, and the people soon had a better mind, when they found that what he was learning through the week enabled him to serve them the more efficiently on the Sabbath. Through the year he went to the University on Monday, and returned to his work each Friday evening. The next year he was stationed in Lebanon, Ohio, and had the counsel of his true friend, Dr. Ruter. Here he still continued his studies, actually going so far as to transcribe the Latin and Greek grammars, and putting the paradigms on pasteboard, and hanging them up before him for thorough mas-

tery. The next year he was stationed in Cincinnati, and was admitted to the Cincinnati College. Here he finished his collegiate course, and as a special reward of his industry and scholarship, was at once admitted to the degree of A. M. without being required to take first the degree of A. B.

He was immediately appointed Professor of Languages in Augusta College, Kentucky, and spent the ensuing year in traveling to recruit his health, and to collect money for the College. He was then an able and popular preacher, already having gained considerable celebrity in the West. In his travels in behalf of the College, he reached the Eastern cities. His first effort in the East was a failure. But a year after, in the same place, he recovered and carried his audience captive. His fame as a preacher was then fixed. During this visit to the East his name was brought forward as a candidate for the chaplaincy of the United States Senate. The vote was a tie. Mr. Calhoun, who occupied the chair, gave the casting vote against him, but upon learning more about the candidate, regretted his action, and sent for him and apologized. Two years afterward, in 1831, he was elected to the chaplaincy. His sermons at the Capitol will stand as among the most able, pungent, faithful, and eloquent delivered before the Senate. It fell to his lot to preach the sermon in the Capitol on the one hundredth birthday of General Washington. "Both houses and the Supreme Court adjourned, and such an audience has, perhaps, never before or since been seen in the Capitol. It was in the days of mighty men, such as Clay, Webster, Calhoun. When the slender form of the preacher appeared in the speaker's desk, before the vast and august assembly, there was a slight tremor of apprehension in the throng. The tune of Old Hundred resounded through the vast hall, and was followed by the clear, composed, and peculiar voice of the preacher in prayer; and all hearts were quieted. The text was Rev. iv, 11, 'Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory, and honor, and power: for thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they are and were created.' The whole drift of the sermon was to show the agency of God in our Revolution, and that the prosperity of the country depended upon morals and religion; there was no effort at display in it; but more than usual directness, plainness, and earnestness. At the close of the service, as he descended from the speaker's chair, Governor Wickliffe, of Kentucky, took him by the hand and said, 'I advise you never to preach again, if you have any regard for your reputation.

You never can see such another day as this; and I doubt whether you can do such another deed as you have done to-day.' The preacher bowed and was silent."

In 1832 the Doctor was elected to the Professorship of Natural Sciences in the Wesleyan University at Middletown, but resigned in the same year upon his election to the editorship of the *Christian Advocate*, in New York. In 1834 he was elected President of Dickinson College. The election was so unanimous and enthusiastic, and the need seemed to be so pressing, that he accepted the position and held it for eleven years. These were the golden days of Dickinson. Strong men such as Durbin, M'Clintock, Emory, and Caldwell, were at its head, and students from all parts of the nation filled its rooms. In 1842 Dr. Durbin made his tour of Europe and the East, and on his return published in two successive years his "Observations in Europe," and "Observations in the East." The volumes met with great favor, and had a very wide circulation. They are still in demand for their admirable observation of facts, and their far-seeing suggestions as to the political and social destinies of Europe and the Orient.

The reputation of Dr. Durbin had now become established as one of the leading minds of the Church, as a preacher of the highest order, as a wise and judicious administrator. He was elected to the General Conference of 1844, and took a prominent and efficient part in the discussions and actions which agitated the body at that time. His speech in reply to Bishop Soule, and the rejoinder to the protest of the Southern party, remain as evidences of his power in the great contest. He then, and more than once since, barely escaped Episcopal honors, chiefly because of his own disfavor toward his election. To the surprise and regret of many he retired from the College in 1845, and entered the regular ministry, taking charge in Philadelphia. In 1849 he was made presiding elder of the North Philadelphia district. Toward the end of this year, Dr. Charles Pitman, Corresponding Secretary of the Missionary Society, failed in health, and early in 1850, by the unanimous selection of the Bishops, Dr. Durbin was called to this office. At the next General Conference, 1852, the appointment was confirmed, and he has been re-elected by successive General Conferences to the present time, having now held the office nearly twenty-two years.

We now reach the great work of Dr. Durbin in behalf of the Church, and for the kingdom of our Lord and Savior. He was born unto

Christ, as we have seen, almost simultaneously with the birth of our Missionary Society, and we have sometimes ventured to think was born for it. Methodism has been so signally blessed with men raised up from obscurity, and endowed with qualities so eminently fitting them for her peculiar places and offices, that it surely is not merely denominational vanity that leads us to believe that these are providential men, and that Providence has held a peculiar part in the history and development of our Church. Dr. Durbin is one of these men. His natural endowments, his scholarship, his training in various departments of labor, his travels, his power as a preacher, his influence over men, and his breadth of character, were eminent qualifications for the man who was to quicken into life, and develop into form the Missionary Society of a great and growing Church. Dr. Durbin can not be called the father of Methodist missions, for our Society had had a history of thirty years before he came to its head; yet, in very important senses, he is the creator of the Society in its present form and magnitude, and deserves, and will receive, the undying gratitude of the Church, as the chief instrument in the wonderful development of our missionary work during the past score of years.

In 1850, when Dr. Durbin entered the office as Secretary, the missionary appropriation was \$100,000. Of this sum \$23,400 were appropriated to "Domestic Missions;" \$38,300 to "foreign populations in our own country," and \$37,300 to "Foreign Missions." Our only Foreign Missions were Africa, China, and South America. The African Mission was a pet, and received \$21,000. South America took care of itself, the missionary being supported by American and English residents. The China Mission was in its infancy, having just secured its location at Foochow and receiving an appropriation of \$7,000. California and Oregon were reckoned in some sense foreign missions, two missionaries having just been sent to the former, and seven operating in Oregon. The collection for the preceding year was—\$106,196.09, being an average of 16.3 per member. From that time to the present there has been a steady increase in appropriations and receipts, except a seeming decrease since 1865 and 1866. The highest point reached in these appropriations was \$1,000,000 for 1866. The highest point reached in receipts was, in the same year, \$671,090.66, being an average of 77 cents per member. This enormous appropriation was made under the pressure of necessity, and with a reserve fund in the Treasury to meet any failure. The fact that the collections have fallen since then to

\$629,000, we have called an apparent decrease, because that amount of money with gold at 1.14 is more in reality than \$671,000 with gold at 1.80. For the present year, 1871, the appropriations are \$721,271.05, which, of course, means that there is no longer a reserve fund in the treasury to draw upon, but which is more than \$150,000 above the highest appropriation made prior to the great leap of 1866, and which is more than six times the amount appropriated for 1850. With this enormous growth of the financial department, there has, of course, been a corresponding growth in the work. For our own Domestic Missions the appropriation has reached as high as \$575,354, and for Foreign Missions as high as \$315,228. Besides the immense expansion of our home-work, we have added to our foreign mission work the vast field of India, which has grown into an Annual Conference, two new stations in China, missions in Germany, Switzerland, Norway, Denmark, Sweden, Bulgaria, and Italy, still continuing the missions in Liberia and South America. In the thirty years preceding 1850 the entire collections were about \$2,000,000; in the twenty-one years since, about \$7,000,000.

Of course all this progress is not attributable to the efficiency of the Corresponding Secretary, for the whole Church and country have made wonderful advancements in every department during the same score of years. But it was a great thing for the Church during this era of rapid progress, and of the wonderful development of the country in activity and resources, to have at the head of her great missionary organization a man so thoroughly capable of appreciating the spirit and movements of the age, and so thoroughly able to turn these mighty forces into the channel of Christian beneficence, and so competent to organize them into grand and efficient action. This is the work that has been done by Dr. Durbin. He has completed, and enlarged, and intensified the organization of the Missionary Society; he has laid the Society on the heart of the Church; he has organized the Church itself into a praying, working, giving missionary society; he has given both to the Society and the Church larger views and broader plans, and by his eloquent appeals, and thorough executive ability, has educated the Board and the Church up to his own largeness and clearness of view. For a very few years the infirmities of age have to some extent silenced the voice of the eloquent pleader, and his work has been chiefly that of counsel and execution; but who does not remember when he used to thrill the Conferences with his eloquence, and educate them into his

plans? It is no disparagement to the noble men who for years have made up the Missionary Board, and the excellent men who have composed the General Missionary Committee, to acknowledge the deference that they always have paid to the views and plans of the Corresponding Secretary, whose heart and whose mind they knew to be thoroughly in the work. Indeed, it was in the meetings of the Board and of the General Missionary Committee that the true greatness of Dr. Durbin was to be seen. We have been thrilled by his eloquence in the pulpit, and have been charmed by his genial social qualities when he chose to unbind himself, but his power and greatness impressed us most when in his office, or in his letters, or before the Board, or in the General Committee, he was developing his plans, or giving his counsels. Then we saw him to be an effective man, a great man, a leader of men, cool, sagacious, far-seeing, prudent, safe, and always a gentleman.

Dr. Durbin has been the property of the Church ever since he first gave himself to it fifty-three years ago, when a lad of eighteen. His loyalty has never swerved, though in several instances strong inducements were placed in his way to enter lucrative places elsewhere. He has never been a place-seeker in the Church, but has cheerfully accepted the appointments and elections of the Church as the authoritative power over his work. He has been a successful man in every department to which the Church has called him, as preacher, as professor, as editor, as college president, as presiding elder, and as missionary secretary. From an intimate acquaintance with him we should judge the secret of this universal success to lie in two facts; first, that it pleased God to endow him with a wide range of capabilities, and secondly, that he has always concentrated his whole powers on the one work which he was called upon to do. What we mean by this last is, that the whole of Dr. Durbin was given to whatever the Church called upon him to do. As a young preacher, his studies were unremitting for six years until he had accomplished his education. During this period he did nothing else but the work that was before him; he avoided all society except in the most casual way. This pertinacity of purpose, this concentration of himself on the work in hand, has characterized his whole life, has distinguished him in every office. In whatever position he was placed, his whole business has been to work up that place to its highest efficiency. It is this that has made him one of the most efficient and successful missionary secretaries the

world has ever had. For a score of years he has concentrated all his talents on this work; he has studied it thoroughly; he has thought for it, planned for it, worked for it with unremitting and undivided devotion. This is the true road to eminent success.

Dr. Durbin has always been a prudent progressive. It would be impossible for him to be otherwise than cautious. He can see desirable changes and the line of progress as quickly as the most acute, but he is not in a hurry; he has faith in time and men, and has been ready rather to wait a little longer, than to risk harm by too great haste. He exhibited this character in both the Slavery and Lay Delegation agitations. He was among the first and strongest advocates of Lay Representation, and pertinaciously continued to urge it upon the Church, yet with the prudence and patience that always belong to him. Indeed, an element of his greatness lies just here; he is progressive, but cautious; he is far-seeing, but cool; he is earnest, but calm; he is strong in his convictions, but patient; he is sensitive and quick, but self-possessed. And these characteristics are seen every-where, in the pulpit, on the Conference floor, in the Mission Rooms, and in society. From the fact that he is exceedingly apt to carry these characteristics into society, some have thought him cold. But he is not; he is only self-poised. He has been so long, and under such a variety of circumstances, accustomed to hold Dr. Durbin under perfect command, that it is not easy at once to unbind the restraint. But at times it is done, and underneath the cool, calm, concentrated officer, is found the warm, genial, sympathetic man. No man can have such a smile as sometimes lights up the face of Dr. Durbin without having a heart.

We have spoken more plainly of Dr. Durbin than we would have ventured to do with regard to any other man while still alive. But he can not be harmed, by either praise or criticism; it is doubtful if he could have been harmed by either at any period of his life. Such men know themselves, and are masters of themselves, and are neither puffed up by commendation, nor turned aside by blame. He is now in the evening of life. His work is nearly done. It has pleased God to allow sore afflictions to fall upon him in the past few years, in the form of family bereavements. But he has borne them with Christian fortitude, and has mellowed and ripened under them. His sun will set in brightness, and the Church that he has served so faithfully and so eminently will keep his memory green through the generations to come.

ELSIE'S CHRISTMAS FLOWERS.

ELSIE had been crying; of that there could be no doubt. Now some of us can have a good cry without any danger of being detected; our eyes may be a little brighter afterward, and we may have a little more color than usual in our cheeks, but who would attribute that to a crying spell? When Elsie cried, however, it was very different; she came out of it looking as if she were having measles in the most favorable manner, and without the slightest danger of their striking in. So when Tom came into the room and found her crouching down on the hearth-rug in front of the pleasant wood fire—they lived in an old house with open fire-places—he “taxed” her with it immediately and inelegantly in these words:

“Hello! what’s up now, my weeping-willow?”

Elsie knew that this was only Tom’s way of putting it, and that if he had been an elegant young man he would have said, “My darling, why these tears?” so she just laid her poor little head down on his shoulder, which, as he was her brother, was uncommon rather than improper, and said, wearily:

“You’ll not tell, if I tell you, Tom?”

“Of course I’ll not tell, if you do n’t want me to, provided it’s not treasonable, little gossling,” said Tom, stroking her hair the wrong way to show his affection; so she pulled out from her pocket a battered-looking roll of paper and held it up in the fire-light.

“Well, you know, Tom,” she began, “we all agreed that we could not have any Christmas this year, at least any presents, and then I thought if I could just make a little money, myself”—

“You’ve not been counterfeiting?” said Tom, seriously.

“Why no, how could I?” answered Elsie, simply. “I have n’t the plates and things; I meant earn it, you stupid boy. So I thought I’d write a story.”

Tom had a struggle with himself at this. The idea of Elsie writing a story! You had only to look at her to fancy her making a pudding, or soothing a nervous invalid, or comforting a cross baby, or singing Scotch ballads in a tuneful, low-pitched voice—but writing a story! It was simply preposterous. Tom conquered himself, however, and only smiled with his mind’s mouth—for if you have a mind’s eye, why not a mouth as well?—and Elsie went on, sorrowfully, “I thought it was rather pretty when it was all copied out, and I wrote only on every other page, and did just what they tell you to, and put my name and address at the

bottom, and all; then I sent it to the 'Alpha,' and thought I would say nothing about it till I had the money and gave you and mother your Christmas presents—and here this evening it came back to me, all rubbed and fingered, and inside of it was this," and she held out in the fire-light one of those polite printed refusals, which the "Alpha" and several other magazines have been compelled to get up to save the editor's time. And there is something very sad about this, it seems to me; think of the thousands of disappointed hearts which make these printed refusals necessary—fortunately, as with most things, there is a ludicrous side to it; they are "so polite" that if it were only in writing one would be like Holmes's beheaded hero, scarcely able to tell that he had been beheaded. It is the printing that does it; that is the snuff which produces the fatal sneeze. But we digress. Elsie went on, "I should not have cared so much if it had not been for this horrid printed thing; it looks so as if I had been begging—and I do n't see why it was not 'suited to the purposes of their magazine,' they might have written enough to tell me that, and then I could have tried again." The "horrid printed thing" overcame her here and she stopped to cry a little.

"It is too bad, Pussy, he might have had the manners to write, whoever he is," said Tom soothingly, and then he stroked the brown hair again—the right way this time—and comforted her up till she was able to talk composedly again. They spoke of how near Christmas was—only a month off now—and of how happy they should be with just a little money to spend quite as they liked; the mother should have her writing-table then, and her reading-lamp. She was not there to hear them; her part in the family was to lie on her sofa day after day, a patient invalid, with hopeless spine disease, writing and sewing on her "well days," suffering and smiling on her ill ones. And the children had planned, before the beginning of that high-priced Winter, that somehow the money should be saved and put together to buy her a writing-table which would fit across her couch, and make it so easy for her to write without sitting up, and a lamp in a pretty bracket which should be fastened to the wall on her left-hand, so that evening, often her brightest time, should be as available to her as daylight. But the high-priced Winter had come, and either the luxuries or the necessities of life had to be dispensed with. They did not care so much until Christmas drew near; then it did seem hard. Nobody said any thing, for each was hoping that the other two were not thinking so

much about it as he or she was, but they all began to lay plans, for each had come to the conclusion that if a little extra money could be made, they would have a right to "keep Christmas" after all.

I think they all knew that every body was cherishing a mystery, but they were very respectful of each other's feelings. No allusion was made by the mother or Elsie to the sounds of hammering and sawing which proceeded from Tom's room after he came from the office in the afternoon, and before he went to it in the morning. Elsie brushed up the sawdust and chips of black walnut, and never so much as asked Tom whether it was coffins or picture-frames. Similarly Elsie's recently acquired habit of sitting up and writing "o' nights," instead of falling asleep on the sofa, and the large ink-stain on her best white apron, were not inquired into—and Elsie did not ask the mother what she was going to do with all the German-town wool for which, from time to time, she sent her willing little handmaid. Judging from their faces, and their continuance in their chosen branches of industry, Tom and the mother were well satisfied with the result of their efforts. But, alas for Elsie! the remorseless editor had crushed her hopes with one blow, and added insult to injury by that "horrid printed thing." Tom reconciled her to it in the course of time by a judicious application of his superior wisdom, and perhaps still more by the confession that he had received one or two of them himself in his time; he even made her smile a little at the printed politeness, and by a fancy sketch of the overwhelmed editor who must have originated the idea. Then he cheered her up with the prospect of the next day; they were going to a concert in the afternoon; a friend of Tom's had been obliged to leave town suddenly and had sent him his ticket, and then Tom had indulged in the extravagance of a second one for Elsie, not saying where the money came from, but merely that he "could afford it." So the little woman went off to bed quite happy after all, having first reduced to ashes the offending missive and the innocent cause thereof. Tom made considerable noise in his room that night, but subsided finally, and Elsie thought there was rather more sawdust than usual on the floor next morning.

I would not like to encourage people in bad habits, of course, but sometimes a very good result comes from a bad habit. I knew of a young man who was saved from making a declaration to a young woman who would have hen-pecked him unmercifully if they had ever married; and how was he saved, do you think? By

a very bad way of stuttering which he had. He was trying his best to get the fatal words out, when somebody came into the room, and before another opportunity occurred the young woman's natural disposition became too much for her and she frightened him off. Then I knew of somebody else whose purse, not to say his life, was saved by a very bad habit which he had of talking to himself aloud. He was going home late one evening, and soliloquizing as usual, and never saw that two men were following him until he heard one of them say to the other:

"The fellow is certainly crazy; there's no use of our trying to get any thing off him; they don't trust that sort of people with money, you know."

He kept on talking to himself, of course, but he said it was very hard work; he was too frightened to keep on improvising, so he had to resort to Shakspeare, and the Bible, and the Latin grammar before he came to the thickly settled portion of the town; then he resorted to a policeman, and had the satisfaction of seeing his two "followers" arrested, and of telling them, in very good English, that he was not at all crazy.

Now Elsie had a habit almost as bad as either of the above, and yet something very nice came of it. She never could remember, when she was traveling, that it is not prudent to talk over one's family affairs, or make personal remarks in an ordinary tone of voice. As she never said any thing uncharitable about any one it did not matter so much, but still it was a bad habit, and one for which Tom had frequently reproved her.

She "set off for the town" in high spirits the next afternoon. There is always something inspiring in putting on one's best hat and gloves to begin with, and then cars are nice, even if you are only going a half hour's journey. You can fancy that it is the beginning of a trip to Niagara or the Yo-Semite Valley; and the people are often very entertaining, too. Elsie certainly had a right to all the entertainment which she found in listening to, and looking at, her fellow-travelers, for I am inclined to think that she gave much more than she could possibly take. She did not happen to encounter any one whom she knew going in, but she was very happy, looking out of the window at the dreary November landscape, and "making believe" to herself that when Tom met her at the depot it would only be to take her to another train of cars, and that he and she were going off together to visit their uncle in Virginia; they had been talking of the trip these three years, but

the little difficulty about raising the money had not yet been removed.

The disappointment of the previous day had been slept off; she had a talent for sleeping. No matter how vexed or troubled she was before she went to bed, she was sure to drop asleep like a kitten the moment her head fell on the pillow, and to wake up bright and hopeful next morning.

It was a long time since she had had either a holiday or a trip to "the city," and every thing had seemed to favor her mild dissipation this time. The mother was quite well for her, and Elsie had left her nicely fixed on her sofa, with fancy-work and writing apparatus on the little table beside her. Hattie, the Irish girl, was singing away in the kitchen, in high good humor, for Elsie had promised to write to her "cousin" for her the next evening; and a good neighbor had promised to come in and take tea, and spend the evening with the mother, thus making it possible for Elsie and Tom to finish up their festivity with a tea-drinking at their uncle's.

So the ride seemed very short, and she looked so bright as she stepped out on the platform and met Tom, that he asked her what the matter was, and was quite disappointed when she told him "nothing particular," for he thought somebody must have left them a fortune, or cured the mother up suddenly, since he went away in the morning.

The concert was very good, so was the tea at their uncle's, and the merry evening that followed, for Elsie's two tall cousins, George and Will, thought there was not such another girl in the United States, and her cousin Lucy was her most intimate friend. Then two or three neighbor boys and girls came in; they must have had a feeling sense that Elsie and Tom were there, for they just made enough for a nice little dance. Aunt Lucy was never tired of playing her old-fashioned tunes for the children, so they danced away merrily for an hour or two, winding up with a jolly game of blind-man's-buff, and then it was time to walk off very fast for the ten o'clock train, and the good-byes and invitations had to be performed in a great hurry. They reached the cars quite out of breath, especially Elsie, just as the whistle gave the starting signal, and as the car was pretty full they sank into the first vacant seat. Tom inquired of Elsie why she was like the whistle, and, before she could recover breath to answer, informed her that it was because she was "blown," and added, gratuitously, that she ought not to have kissed every body good-by so many times. Elsie found breath enough to

reply that she did not kiss any body more than once, not even Lucy. Then they both agreed that it had been a very nice time, and that nice times were certainly more valuable because they came so seldom; "that is, really nice times," Elsie explained; "you know we have pretty good times almost every night, unless mother is worse."

"Sprees, you mean," said Tom.

"That's vulgar," said Elsie.

"You said it yourself last evening, Mamie," said Tom, "for I heard you tell the old lady that you hoped we should have a clear day for our 'spree,' and you were mean-spirited enough to add 'as Tom calls it.'"

"Listeners never hear any good of themselves," retorted Elsie, and so they went on, letting off the high spirits which they had not had time to use up before they left their uncle's.

Not having eyes in the backs of their heads, they did not see an elderly gentleman who was sitting just behind them; and if they had seen him they would probably have imagined him to be asleep, for he was leaning his head against the window-frame, and his large hat was drawn down over his eyes. After a while Elsie sobered down, for she began to feel tired. Making pies in the morning, not to mention various other light employments, such as sweeping and dusting, is not the best sort of preparation for a "spree" in the afternoon. So her thoughts naturally returned to her disappointment of the previous evening, for when one is tired disagreeable thoughts generally take advantage of the fact. Tom pinched her to see if she were asleep, she was so still for a little while.

"No, sir, I'm not asleep at all. I was thinking," said Elsie, indignantly.

"Well, let's have it," said Tom.

"I was thinking, Tom"—

"You said that before. What were you thinking?"

"Your mother has frequently told you that it is impolite to interrupt people," said Elsie, loftily. "I was thinking of that horrid printed letter, and of what a goose I was to try to write a story, when so many people do it who are so much smarter than I am; and then I was thinking that there is one thing which I know I can do nicely"—

"I think you can do several," interrupted Tom. "You make stunning pies, and trim all your own hats, and—well, you do most things pretty well, considering your size, I think."

Tom did not get scolded for interrupting this time. Elsie squeezed his big hand, and very nearly kissed him, but the small sense of propriety which remained to her prevented that.

"It was wax flowers that I meant," she said meekly, for she was quite overcome with Tom's burst of applause. "You know every body says that my tea-roses and jasmin are lovely. I think they are myself, and I have been thinking that if I only knew where to send them to be sold, I could make some money that way. Now where do you suppose that I could take them to sell?"

"I have not the slightest idea, Pussy," said Tom thoughtfully. "So few people seem to buy those things except at fairs, and then they do it as the least of several evils. Never you mind, little woman," he added, as he saw how her face fell, "you behave yourself, and may be some money will appear to you before Christmas—not a great deal, you know, but enough for you to do a little Christmasing with."

"But that would n't be it," said Elsie, mournfully. "I wanted some money that would be really mine; you are a dear boy, and I am very much obliged to you, but, indeed, I wish I could make something that somebody would buy."

The train stopped just then at the station where Tom and Elsie must get off, and they never noticed the old gentleman with the large hat, who also got off there. He followed them at a little distance, and, when he had seen them enter the door of their small house, turned off to the "main street," and went to one of the large houses, in their pretty yards, which belonged to the aristocracy of C. He had come on a visit to his daughter, who had recently married and "settled" there, and this was his first appearance in the village. His friends considered him a very eccentric old gentleman, for he had a great deal of money, and yet he did not dress very handsomely, and he would not give his money to public charities, even ever so little of it, and very few people knew what he did with it all. No, not such a very few either, but those who found out, from time to time, what he did with some of it, were generally strangers to each other, and to the people who wondered and speculated about him, and so their curiosity remained ungratified.

He had heard most of what Elsie and Tom had said, soothing his conscience, which reproached him a little for listening to their guileless talk, by the thought that people should not say things in cars which they were not willing for all the world to hear. Being a decided, and rather hasty old gentleman, he had made up his mind as to his plan of action before he saw Elsie and Tom disappear into their door, and the next morning he carried it out.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

M. LOUISA CHITWOOD.

WHEN a mind of unusual brilliancy shines out among us for a few years and is suddenly extinguished by death, it is not fitting that we should let its memory and its thought die out from our notice. We should cherish it all the more and with the greater pride, in that our country is so new, and has been spoken of until very lately as having no literature—no art.

And for a bright young girl to pass a decade among us, flashing out her beautiful soul-gems before us—and this from a pioneer State, where the association with gifted minds could not possibly have influenced her own—for her to be forgotten and her memory pass away because her life went out so early, would be the deepest neglect, the vilest ingratitude.

England's wonder-boy, Chatterton, though driven by his own impatient genius and his country's imagined neglect to despair and suicide, is looked up to now that he is dead, as a prodigy of genius. Louisa Chitwood was almost a female Chatterton among us, yet we doubt if her name is remembered in the Eastern States. The East has loved to think that the West possesses no genius. The West is too young—the West is too busy to think; yet even now the East is going wild over two poets from the far West—offering them fabulous sums for their contributions. So that bubble is exploded. An American State needs not an old age to develop its literature. Americans read, Americans think, and so Americans must write.

M. Louisa Chitwood was born at Mt. Carmel, Indiana, in 1832, and died at the same place in 1855. She received the best education the country could offer at that time. Living almost alone with her mother—with few associates, and with an acutely sensitive nature—no wonder that her thinking faculties were early developed. No wonder that she made friends of the flowers and stars, of the birds and breezes, of the tiniest atoms of beauty in her pathway. No wonder that she brooded more over the suffering and sorrow in the world than is common with one so young. Her heart was intensely sympathetic. She could almost hear the throbs of grief in the human hearts around her.

And yet it is a wonder that she wrote, and wrote so well at the early age of thirteen; for her experience of life was limited and confined. It was impossible that she could know by actual observation of all that she understood. It was the divine instinct—the heaven-sent intuition of poetry which taught her. And so for ten

years she wrote, almost constantly, and with the most surprising pathos and power. Then she died—the beautiful flower of her genius but half expanded.

A volume of her poems was published by Moore, Wiltach & Co., of Cincinnati, two years after her death. It was arranged and edited by George D. Prentice, her friend and literary godfather, yet one she had never met face to face. In a poem addressed to him in the published volume, one may see how her pure soul idealized her unknown friend and literary tutor.

Miss Chitwood wrote for the "Louisville Journal," the "Ladies' Repository," "The Genius of the West," "Arthur's Home Gazette," the "Odd-Fellow's Ark," and other papers and magazines.

The old edition of her book being exhausted, Miss Chitwood's mother has brought out a new one. Her address is Mrs. Mary E. Tucker, Greensburg, Indiana, where all orders can be sent. Among the many poems, beautiful beyond precedent, almost, in so young a writer, it is difficult to point out the most beautiful. If the Repository can make room we will copy two, as samples of the power and beauty of this young girl's soul and mind:

THE TWO POEMS.

"I will sing," thus said a poet;
 "I will weave a lay for fame;"
 And his dark eye flashed and sparkled,
 And his pale cheek flushed with flame;
 While with quick, impatient fingers
 And with pale lips half apart,
 Did he wake the lyre to wailings—
 Groanings from a tortured heart.

Then he sang a gorgeous poem,
 Like a kingly diadem;
 Every line was like a jewel,
 Every word was like a gem;
 And he cast it, smiling proudly,
 On the World's deceitful sea,
 Saying, as it floated onward,
 "Fame! O, bring back fame to me!"

On it went, that gorgeous poem,
 As the blue waves swept apart,
 Captivating but the fancy—
 Never speaking to the heart;
 For to those who paused to listen
 The low dirge within its breast,
 Gave it nothing but wild yearnings,
 Sadness, bitterness, unrest.
 But it twined the poet's forehead
 With a laurel wreath of flame;
 He did reap what he had planted,
 A rich harvesting of fame.

"I will sing," thus said a poet;
 "I will sing a lay for Love."
 Meekly were her dark eyes lifted
 To the quiet stars above;
 Then there came a dear, good angel,
 And her white wings o'er her pressed,
 Tuning to a low, sweet music
 Every pulse within her breast.

Then with dreamy eyes, and misty,
And with red lips half apart,
Wove she into words and stanzas
The emotions of her heart.
"Go," she said, "thou little poem,
Go abroad like Noah's dove—
Breathe to every heart a blessing,
Bring me love! O, bring me love!"

Lightly went the little poem,
Gladly on its mission sweet,
Like a wave of wondrous beauty,
Singing at the sailor's feet;
Like a green tree in the desert,
Like a cooling water-brook,
Like a lily by a river,
Like a violet in a nook.

O, like all things bright and joyous,
Was that simple, earnest lay,
And of love a plenteous harvest
Shed about the poet's way.
Knelt she in the golden twilight
With the dews upon her hair,
And with tearful eyes to heaven
Breathed her thankfulness in prayer.

"If a pilgrim hath been shadowed
By a tree that I have nursed;
If a cup of clear, cold water
I have raised to lips athirst;
If I've planted one sweet flower
In an else too barren way;
If I've whispered in the midnight
One sweet word to tell of day;

If in one poor bleeding bosom
I a woe-swept chord have stilled;
If a dark and restless spirit
I with hope of heaven have filled;
If I've made for life's hard battle
One faint heart grow brave and strong;
Then, my God, I thank thee, bless thee,
For the precious gift of song!"

BOW TO NONE BUT GOD.

Turn thy face to the sunshine!
Let nothing cast thee down,
While Truth upon thy forehead
Rests, blazing like a crown.
Look up! nor fear nor falter,
Tho' a monarch press the sod—
Soar upward like an eagle,
And bow to none but God!

Cringe not to wealth's proud children,
Though robed in garments fine—
Give not an inch! the pathway
Is theirs not more than thine;
Let thy stern eye confront them,
Bearer of hoe or hod—
Onward and upward, ever
Bow thou to none but God!

Look up! be brave and steadfast,
Press onward to thy goal;
Art thou not the possessor
Of an immortal soul?
Soul bought by throes of anguish
In the garden where He trod;
Soul, costly as a monarch's—
Bow thou to none but God!

Shall thy cheek flush with crimson
Before the world-called great?
Wilt thou fawn meekly, humbly,
To that thy heart must hate?

Wilt thou bow to the oppressor
With courtly beck and nod?
No! stand like some strong mountain,
And bow to none but God!

Onward! let Slander's arrows
Pass by in silent scorn;
Let malice die in darkness—
It was in darkness born;
Let Falsehood perish, writhing
'Neath Truth's unsparing rod;
She is the best avenger;
Bow thou to none but God!

Onward! and plant thy harvest,
Whate'er the world may say;
No serpent's hiss beguile thee
A moment from thy way,
If the way be very humble
O'er which thy feet hath trod,
Go on, with soul unbending,
And bow to none but God!

No, never! while thy bosom
Has a heart-throb within,
Let thy free tongue be silent
When the rich and mighty sin.
Look up! nor fear nor falter
Though a monarch press the sod;
He is but man, weak, erring,
Bow thou to none but God!

These two poems are in direct contrast to each other. The first is full of the gratitude of a heart attuned to all the sweetest sympathies of nature and poetry; the last the indignant uprising of a noble nature against the petty oppression of wealth and worldly position. She must have felt deeply both influences to be able at her age to depict the feelings with such intensity.

The new volume is handsomely bound in cloth, gilt, and printed upon fine white paper. It is published by Wilstach, Baldwin & Co., Cincinnati, solely for the benefit of the author's mother.

THE CHANGE.

THE session of the Annual Conference was to commence on the first day of March. The preachers had been holding their last protracted meetings for the Winter, and arranging for closing up the work of the Conference year. There had been a spirit of awakening in most of the churches in the Conference, and very many persons had been added to the Church. Among the places which had been brought under the prevailing religious influence was the town of Athens, in which the Rev. John Harrison had been preaching for nearly two years. Meetings had been held there, from day to day, for two or three weeks, which had resulted in a large ingathering into the Church of persons from the world, and in the spiritual upbuilding of many of those who had previously been members of the Church. But the labors of the

pastor, though proving a blessing to others, had shortened his career. By preaching in a heated room, and then coming out into a cold atmosphere, from night to night, he had taken a violent cold, and this, after the endurance by him of great sufferings, had terminated in his death.

When, at length, it was announced that he was dead, sorrow filled the hearts of the people of the town. His death was felt to be a public calamity. He had lived so uprightly, and had labored so zealously for the promotion of the interests, temporal and spiritual, of the entire community, that every body had come to regard him as a personal friend; and his real worth was felt more, now, since he was gone, than it had been while he was yet living.

The day on which his remains were buried was a cold, stormy one; but the state of the weather did not prevent the people from turning out in large numbers to attend the funeral, and mingle their tears with those of the widow and children.

A few days after the burial two of the preachers, from neighboring circuits, on their way to the seat of the Conference, stopped, in passing through Athens, to offer to the widow such words of comfort as they might be able, and to bear from her any message to the Conference that she might wish to send. The elder of these preachers had been a warm, personal friend of Mr. Harrison. They had been admitted into the Conference at the same time; had been ordained by the same hands; had assisted each other in protracted meetings; had baptized each other's children; had talked over their joys and sorrows together; had encouraged each other in seasons of despondency, and had sought counsel from each other when questions of difficulty had arisen. James Warner had expected, almost up to the time of leaving his home, to travel in company with John Harrison from Athens to the seat of the Conference. It was with a sad heart, therefore, that he now found himself, with his brother minister, Mr. Thompson, entering the house so recently the home of his old friend, without the presence of that friend to give him the old greeting. Mrs. Harrison received the preachers with a tearful face. The minds of all three were on the dead, and Mr. Warner felt that it would be a kindness to Mrs. Harrison to enter into conversation at once with her in regard to him.

"Tell us, therefore," he said, "sister Harrison, all about the sickness and death of brother Harrison."

She told them of the meeting, and of the

zeal with which he had labored in it; of the satisfaction he had experienced when one and another of those whom he had respected as neighbors and acquaintances had begun to cultivate a religious life, and to go with religious people; of his want of proper care of himself; of her own anxiety in regard to his health; of the deep-seated cold which he had at length taken; of the acute sufferings which had followed; of the necessity which had resulted of bringing the meetings to a close, while the interest was yet at its height; of the rapid course of the disease; of his resignation to the will of the Heavenly Father, and of the end.

"When I saw him going down," she continued, "I knew that it would be well with him when it was all over. But O! the thought of being left without him was almost more than I could bear. And then the thought of the poor, dear children, who were about to be left fatherless! I tried, for his sake and theirs, to look as cheerful as I could, and to restrain my tears as much as possible. But I was not able to avoid breaking down at times in their presence. But he never faltered in his faith. The evening before he died, as I was sitting by his bedside, endeavoring to make the most of the last hours that remained to me of his society on earth, he took me by the hand, and, looking up into my face with the most earnest tenderness, said, 'Dearest, it will all be well. We can trust the Father in heaven. His promises are very precious. They are my support at this time. Let them be thine. He has said that he will be a husband to the widow and a father to the fatherless.' And then he talked of heaven, and rest, and glory. Afterward he had the children called in, that he might speak to them. He told them that he would soon leave them. He reminded them that they had all been dedicated to God in baptism, and that we had tried to teach them to love and serve him. He asked them to try never to forget that they were the children of a minister of the Gospel, and urged them to endeavor to give me as little cause of anxiety on their account as possible. He then had them to kneel down, one after the other, by the side of the bed, while he placed his hands upon their heads and invoked God's blessing upon them. When his hands rested upon Willie's head, he prayed that it might please God to call him to take the place in the ministry which he himself was about to leave vacant. None were present during this scene but the family. We could not restrain our feelings, and for once he wept with us.

"Shortly after this he spoke of the Conference and of his work in the ministry. He said

that he had tried to do his work faithfully, and that he was thankful for the success which had attended his labors; that he had not always fared as well as he could have wished; that he had been sometimes so straitened in his temporal circumstances as to be unable to devote his mind as undividedly and as cheerfully to the work of the ministry as was desirable, but that thus far God had prevented us from suffering want, and that he could trust him to provide for me and the children after his death. He desired me to send his love to the members of the Conference, and to say that he was sustained in his last moments by the hope of that Gospel which he had preached to others. 'The worst of my existence,' he added, 'is past; that part which is yet to come will, I am sure, be free from all anxieties and cares, and full of glory.'

Before the preachers took their departure, the children were brought in, and prayer was offered by Mr. Warner. With a choking voice he commended the widow and children of his departed friend to the tender watch-care of God. He had often prayed in that family circle before, but never under circumstances of so much sadness as now. After prayer, a few words of warm sympathy, of condolence, and of blessing, were uttered, and then the two preachers took their departure.

Mounting their horses, they rode in silence for some distance, communing with their own feelings.

"Ah!" said Mr. Warner, at length, "it is a sad thing to me to know that I shall not be permitted to see among the members of the Conference this year the familiar form of John Harrison."

"He was a true man," said Mr. Thompson.

"Yes, he was a true man, true to God, and true to the Church. No man was more simple-hearted, more loving, more honest, more earnest, more laborious, more self-sacrificing than he. He was nearly my ideal of what a minister of the Gospel of Christ ought to be. He was not perfect. Who of us is? But I found fewer marks of imperfection in him than in any other man I have ever known. Who ever heard him complain of his lot? Who ever saw in him any exhibition of a spirit of envy or jealousy? Who ever saw him fail to respond to any demand upon his Christian charity? He was like his Master, devoting his life to the good of others. And in this respect he met with no hindrance from his wife and children. They always cheerfully aided him in his work."

"His death is a sad event for them."

"Yes, sad for them in respect to spiritual

guidance, and sad for them in a temporal point of view."

"He has left them very little property, I suppose?"

"Very little. He never made it his aim to accumulate property; and even if he had, it would have been difficult for him to do so on the small compensation that he usually received for his services as a preacher. I do not see how his family are to live on what will remain to them after his debts and funeral expenses are paid."

"It is a severe trial upon a preacher's faith," said Mr. Thompson, "to be required to depend for a support upon the meager salary usually paid for his services, and thus to cut himself off from the hope of being able, in the event of his being called away from his family, to leave them in comfortable circumstances."

"Yes," said Mr. Warner, "I have been more disturbed by the thought of what might be the condition of my own family, in such an event, than by any other. The actual trials of the life of a preacher are not so great in themselves but that they might be borne with even a moderate amount of grace. At any rate such trials have never troubled me much. That which has troubled me, however, has been the apprehension of what might be the condition of my family, in case they should be left to struggle on in the world without me. The thought of the possibility of this has hung like a dark cloud on the horizon ahead of me for years. I have health and the prospect of long life; but so had brother Harrison. He is gone. Who can tell who may be called next? But," he added, after a moment's pause, "it is a blessed thought to know that we are in the service of God, and that he knows how to take care of his workmen and of all their interests. The declaration, 'Lo! I am with you,' is very full of comfort."

Thus the two preachers talked as they pursued their way to the Conference.

About two weeks after this time they returned. Conference was over. The second meeting with the widow and her children was not less sad than the first had been. Mrs. Harrison had begun to realize her widowhood, and thoughts of the days which were now past, and past forever, had begun to throng her mind.

"O, brother Warner," said she, "I have found it very difficult to keep up under it. When you and brother Thompson rode off from the house, on your way to Conference the other day, I thought of the days when he, too, had been accustomed to go up to Conference, and of our partings, on such occasions, and of the pleas-

ant, cheerful words which he would utter to me and the children, and the conjectures we all would indulge in in regard to our appointments. For the first few days after you had gone, I could not help trying to believe that it was all a dream; that he was not dead at all; that he was, in fact, at Conference, mingling with the preachers in his old, cheerful way, and that a letter would reach us in a few days, telling us of all that was going on at Conference; of the business transacted, of the sermons preached, of the friends met there, and of the probabilities in the case of ourselves. I thought of the former times, when I was accustomed to gather the children about me and read to them his letters, and explain to them any thing that they were not able to understand. Last Sunday night, when we had all retired to rest, and all were asleep but myself, Willie, poor boy, commenced talking in his sleep, and saying something about Old Gray, his father's horse. I awoke him, and asked him what troubled him. He said that, before going to bed, he had been thinking of the time when his father had taken him with him to Conference, and how his father, in order to occupy his attention, had committed the care of Old Gray to him, and of the interest which he had taken in his welfare; and that now he had been dreaming that he was again with his father at Conference, and that he once more had the care of Old Gray, and that the people with whom they were staying were not kind to the old horse. He dropped off to sleep again, pretty soon, but I could hear him talking, from time to time, all night, and occasionally using the words 'father' and 'Old Gray.' The old horse himself looks as if he, too, had a knowledge of what has occurred. He stands, from day to day, before the stable door, with his head bowed down, looking sad and thoughtful; and when Willie approaches him, his eyes express sympathy for the dear boy.

"Yesterday I was moving about the house, saddened with my own thoughts, but endeavoring to bear up under them as well as I could in the presence of the children, when little Nettie, who had been following me about, and had been constantly looking up into my face, as if trying to read my thoughts, discovered in the closet, where he had been accustomed to keep them, her father's saddle-bags, and brought them out, calling my attention to them. I took them up, and felt in the pockets, and found there his hymn-book, and Discipline, and Greek Testament. As I opened the books, one after another, and saw the places that were marked and worn, I involuntarily sobbed aloud. The poor child stood looking at me with an expression

of wonder and sympathy, and presently she burst out crying, and said, 'Mamma, do n't cry; it makes me feel so bad.'

When the preachers handed her the appropriation from the Conference fund, she realized more forcibly than ever her widowhood. A rush of sorrowful emotions, mingled with a keen sense of her dependent condition came upon her. She was no longer a wife, the helpmeet of a strong man, who was able and willing to go before her and the children, and clear the way for them, and come to their assistance when their spirits were about to sink, but a widow, upon whom the difficult and almost crushing responsibility had been devolved of sustaining the same relation to the children which he had sustained to them and to her. The strong man had fallen. The arm upon which she had leaned for so many years was in the grave. She must now take her children by their hands and go forward with them, with no human hand to guide her, and no human arm to sustain her. There was sympathy for her and her children in the Conference, but the ground of that sympathy was her widowhood; and with the sympathy, and the pecuniary help which came to her, as an expression of it, there came also to her a realization of a great change in her relations to the Conference. The name of her husband, which had been called at every session of the Conference since his admission into full connection, and always with the response of "present," had been called at the recent session with the response of "dead," and would henceforth be called no more. The soldier had dropped on the field of battle. The fight was still going on. But the ranks were closed up. The name of Harrison would still be preserved in the Conference, but it would not be on the secretary's, but on the stewards' list. It would thenceforth be, "Widow Harrison and children," with a statement, annually, of claim and appropriation. The emotions which these thoughts awakened in her soul were full of sadness. But with them there came a sweet consciousness of the preciousness of the memory of him whose name, as "Widow Harrison," she was thenceforth, in the language of the stewards' reports, to bear. She felt that there was committed to her now a kind of legacy in the character of him with whom she had trodden the rough ways of the world for so many years. This legacy was beyond all earthly price. It was not to be compared to any ordinary treasure, but was to be held rather as a source, than as a means, of happiness. It was to be regarded as rare gems are regarded, which are not placed upon the market for sale, but are

kept, and cherished, and looked at from time to time. She was to bear this legacy about with her. It was to be for her and her children. While her heart was almost broken by a sense of the loss which she had sustained, it was filled with a sweet satisfaction from a sense of the honor which had been put upon her, in the fact that she had been permitted to walk, hand in hand, for so large a part of life's pilgrimage, with one who had exhibited so much of a true pilgrim's spirit. She felt like one who has been accorded the privilege of looking in upon some object of rare quality and value not open to the public gaze. She had been blessed above others in that her name and fortunes in time had been so intimately united with one of God's truest servants. The memory of the past would be like ointment to her soul.

She gave no utterance to her feelings, but Mr. Warner, as if moved by a spirit that read them, and that awakened responsive thoughts in his own mind, began to speak of the virtues of the dead, and of the love and esteem which the whole Conference had entertained for him while living, and of the expressions of that love and esteem which had been heard at the session of the Conference when the announcement had been made that he was dead. He then spoke a few words in appreciation of his character as his friend, and impressively said that he felt that it was something to him to have had such a friend, and that their friendship had tended to elevate and ennoble his own aims.

Commending the widow and the children to the tender watch-care of the Heavenly Father, the two preachers took their leave.

As they went forth to mount their horses, they saw Old Gray standing in the stable lot with a sorrowful expression of countenance, which seemed to say, "No more itinerant work, and no more Conference for me. My master's name is no longer on the list, and I must now descend to the drudgery of common life."

That night the widow gathered her children about the family hearth-stone, and took down the Bible and read a chapter, and then, with deep emotion and broken voice, lifted her heart in prayer to God. She asked for the help of the Holy Spirit, that they might be resigned to the loss which they had sustained. She appealed to Him who hears the young ravens when they cry, to prevent her and her children from coming to want. And then she asked God to grant, if he should deem her and her house worthy of such additional honor, that the wish of the departed father might be gratified, and that his mantle might fall upon the shoulders of Willie.

The evening prayer ended, a sweet serenity pervaded that little family group. One was gone, but another had come. God was there, lifting up their hearts and telling them not to be afraid.

For the first time since the great change which had come upon the family, was the mother able to talk with her children about their father. Now she went back to the past, to the days of his youth, and told them of his poverty, of his conversion, of his conviction that he was called to the ministry, of his struggles to acquire an education, of his admission into the Conference, of her first acquaintance with him, of their marriage, of the first year of their married life, of the noble character and of the self-sacrificing spirit of their father. When they were not able to reconcile the life of poverty and suffering which he had lived with the nobleness and piety of his character, she reminded them of Christ, who, though rich, had become poor, that he might thereby make others rich. "The Father in heaven," she added, "takes an account of all that we suffer, and has promised to take care of us here, and reward us richly in heaven, if we suffer with patience through love of him."

The mother kissed her children good-night, and soon silence reigned in the house; but it was a long time before sleep came to the eyes of the widow or to those of her eldest son. She was receiving a strange comfort from her own words, and Willie was becoming conscious of a new sense of life. The Spirit of God was profoundly impressing the mother with the truth of God, and assuring her that his promises could not return to him void; and was awakening in the heart of the son aspirations for a holy life and for a place among the servants of God.

FUGIT HORA.

"OPEN the chamber window,
That looks toward the setting sun;
For the clouds are growing brighter,
And the day is almost done.
Is it the pine-tree's moaning,
Or the trample of hoofs I hear?
For the rush of the silent river
Is in my listening ear."

They open the chamber window,
But no trampling hoofs are heard;
Only the rustling pine-trees,
And the chirp of some startled bird;
Only the children's voices,
Distant and faintly clear,
With the rush of the silent river,
Blend in the dying ear.

"Raise me and let me look
 Along the road he must come,
 For the sun is sinking lower,
 And the day is almost done.
 Is it a cloud of dust,
 Or the shadows of night I see?
 For the mists of death are rising,
 And dark is the world to me."

They raise her from her pillow,
 But no cloud of dust is seen;
 Only the light of sunset
 On the young leaves' glossy sheen;
 Only the long, black shadows,
 Silent, and grim, and slow,
 Like the mists of death ingulfing
 The light, and life, and glow.

"The night is growing darker,
 And the evening breeze is chill;
 Is there no moving shadow
 Upon the distant hill?
 Is there no sign or token
 Of his coming, though faint and far?
 For death draws near and nearer,
 And his entrance none can bar."

No sign nor sound of his coming,
 No shadow upon the hill;
 Only the silent landscape,
 Tranquil, and fair, and still;
 Only the quiet moon beams,
 Silvery, fair, and bright;
 No sign nor sound of his coming
 Through all the radiant night.

"Lay me again on my pillow,
 My eyes are strangely dim;
 But Death is the truest lover,
 And I need not wait for him.
 Clasp me with cold caressing,
 Kiss me on cheek and brow;
 Poison—sweet are thy kisses,
 I fear thee no longer now."

A moving form on the hill-side,
 A beat of hoofs on the stones,
 A cloud of dust in the moonlight,
 A question in frenzied tones;
 A pale, pale face on a pillow,
 Two fair hands crossed on the breast,
 And eyes filled with anguish of passion
 Gaze on eyes closed in dreamless rest.

"DO NOT TELL IT AT THE GLOAM-
 ING."

We gather at the even-tide;
 Each came a different way;
 But many paths have brought us all
 To sunset of the day—
 To the sweet hush that God's dear hand
 Spreads o'er us like a tent,
 To shut out all the sounds that jar
 Its soft white folds were meant.

Now, pilgrim, from the desert sands,
 Put off thy dust-browned shoon,
 But do not tell us how the sun
 Smote sorely at the noon;
 And, shepherd, from the quiet meads,
 If any feet have strayed,
 Let story of the weary search
 Upon thy lips be stayed.

The young child does not watch to-night
 The lengthening shadows creep;
 The crimson of the sunset sky
 Is blushing in its cheek;
 O, mother, it hath sinned, mayhap,
 But let it rest from blame,
 Within thy bosom let it hide
 The tear-wet cheek aflame.

The twilight hour fleets quickly by,
 But its "great peace" may run
 Thro' many hours if to thy soul
 Its first sweet peace be won.
 We gather at evening hour,
 And all day long we set
 Our feet on stones, or secretly
 Some grain of sand would fret.

All came by different paths; in each
 Was danger, toil, or care;
 The truest hero in the throng
 The stillest lip will wear.
 We rest till morning in the calm
 That cometh on; and so,
 Unbroken by a sound of plaint,
 Its deep'ning grace should grow.

O, dusk pavilion, whose firm stakes
 The hand of God hath set,
 Not to thy folds we come to tell
 How tiny sands can fret!
 Nor even of the burdens borne,
 Though sorely they have pressed,
 We toiled on bravely through the day,
 The gloaming gives us rest.

O, "light of even," softly toned
 To suit our weary eyes!
 O, sweet hush breathed by God,
 That deep upon our spirit lies!
 "Sometime" our soul will watch to see
 Our life-day fading so,
 That God will tone its noon glare,
 And give his peace we know.

And further, believe no memory
 Of all the weary ways
 We left shall ever come to break
 The calm that lightly weighs
 Upon our soul; and so we pray
 With tender eyes of those
 Who gather in the purple light
 To watch the twilight close;

To hush discordant sounds that mar
 Our type both pure and bright
 Of that near day-close, when for us
 "At eve it shall be light."

The Children's Repository.

THE PALACE OF VERITY.

THE Palace of Verity was a very curious place on account of the peculiar manners of its inmates. They had the curious fashion of always speaking the truth just as they thought it in their hearts, and what was sometimes more uncomfortable still the whole truth was always sure to come out in the course of the conversation, which was always kept up very briskly. I am sure they must have disliked it very much oftentimes, but such was the spell thrown over a person the moment he passed the limits of the enchanted garden that all did just the same.

One morning as little Adelia was sitting beside her window, her kind fairy friend Pearly-wing gave her an invitation to visit this wonderful castle. She had a fancy that it might do the little girl good to see the thoughts of other people's hearts turned inside out. It would be very like to cause her to turn her own eye inward and see how matters stood there, with regard to perfect sincerity at all times.

Adelia joyfully accepted the invitation. So the fairy wand was gently waved, and presently a beautiful palace appeared in view, with handsome grounds and shaded walks, and a wide hospitable door-way already thrown open to the morning sunshine.

Adelia was presently seated in a pleasant breakfast-room, whose only occupant just then was an infirm old lady.

A gayly dressed girl came tripping in and said with a smile:

"Good morning, grandmamma. I see your cough is as troublesome as ever, and it is exceedingly disagreeable to hear. I should think, for the sake of the rest of us, you would consent to breakfast in your room, that we may not be compelled to hear you. It quite spoils our mornings. But there is one good thing about it, grandmamma. It is plain it makes you weaker every day, and that you will soon die, and then we shall have your money. I think your jewels by right belong to me, for I am the oldest grandchild, and named for you. But sister Amelia quarrels with me almost every day over your pearl necklace and ruby set. She is determined to have them, and I am as determined she shall not. I don't know what we

can do with your old dresses, they are of such queer shapes. But the materials are rich, and, as the fashions go, I think I can make something nice of the best of them. I have been looking them over this week quite carefully, and I found the key to your bureau one day when you rode out and took a good search among your old laces. I do love laces, and when you are dead I can use up all of yours to excellent advantage. I really hope, dear grandmamma, it will not be long before you give me the chance to try."

Very much shocked Adelia listened to see what would come of such an address, but the entrance of other members of the family prevented grandmamma from speaking her mind as she otherwise would have done.

Miss Rosalie was a visitor, dressed up in a very expensive style; but I think she must have wished herself away before the visit was done.

What should she say to her hostess the very first thing but,

"I think, Mrs. Gray, your little boy is the hatefulest child I ever saw. I can not see why you do not restrain him more and teach him better manners. You are spoiling him by repeating what you consider his fine speeches, which are inexpressibly silly. You think him a beauty, but his profile, as he sits now, really reminds me of a monkey."

"Excuse my laughing, my dear," said Mrs. Gray, "but those frizzes on each side of your head are so very striking. They are got up in the true style of a Congo beauty. While so many of our 'women and sisters' are trying to get the crimp-out of their hair, is it not a little strange that our fashionable ladies are trying just as hard to get the same kind of crimp into theirs?"

"Well," sighed Rosalie, "I am sure I did not sleep much last night for the pains which the tight braids and knots in my hair caused me. It ought to look pretty after so much trouble."

"Well, it does n't," simpered Amelia. "It looks like a fright."

"Well, it's not done up over an old stocking foot at least, like the bunch at the back of your head. I can really see a raveled edge peeping out just under your false curls."

"Pray, Miss Rosalie, are your curls your very own? You are so sharp on other people's head-gear."

"They are my very own, Miss Amelia, and I should think they ought to be after the time I had to get them. They cost the sum of twenty-five dollars, which is a very large one at our house. I bought them on purpose to come here. My little sisters were forced to stay at home from school for want of shoes in consequence. My poor mother gave up her double shawl. I even sold my water-proof cloak to a friend to make up the amount. So I should think they ought to be my very own."

"I should think so too; but every one can see they are false at a glance, as they are two shades lighter than your own hair."

"A young lady so selfish and heartless deserves to have her vanity punished," said Mr. Gray. "I shall try, if you remain here long, to see if I can not effect so desirable a result. But is n't it surprising, ladies, that you can find nothing to converse upon but dress and such follies?"

"I suppose father would have us talk of money-making, which he is so interested in," said Louise. "I much prefer, myself, money-spending."

"Very true of you, my girl. It is a fine lesson your mother has taught you perfectly."

"Well," said Amelia, "to change the subject, what shall we do directly after breakfast? Ride or walk?"

"I should prefer walking in search of wild flowers," said Louise.

"And I should much prefer riding," said Miss Rosalie. "It is a very rare thing for me to step into a carriage, and I should very much like to be seen by others riding out in your elegant phaeton."

"O fie, we ride every day, and do n't care about it. Wild flowers are plenty now, and will soon be gone. We will walk."

"It would be polite to let a guest have her choice," said Miss Rosa.

"But you are a guest only by courtesy, my dear. We asked you simply to secure your father's vote for my father; in fact, simply because father commanded it. After election we shall not recognize you when we meet."

And on these pleasant terms the young ladies prepared themselves for a walk, while the fairy whisked off Adelia through the open casement.

"Well, how do you like the Palace of Verity, my dear?" she asked.

"O, I was never in such a tremble in my life. I was afraid the shaking curtain would betray my hiding-place, and I should be brought out

and shown up before them. How many true things there are that it is not best always to say!"

"Yes, but how much better to have the heart so clean that any body may look in through the panes without causing us a blush! If the law of love and kindness, of truth and purity, dwell there, you need not fear to dwell in the very Palace of Verity itself."

Who of us, readers, would like to live for a day in this palace? O, remember that there is a pen noting down our thoughts hour by hour, and that we shall one day meet the record, and not only we shall see, but all the world besides.

"JUST GOING TO."

"**N**OW, mother, is n't Hal too provoking? He promised to take me strawberrying with him, and now he's gone and left me!" cried Jessie, winking back her tears.

"Our Hal broken his promise?" Her mother looked as if she could hardly believe it.

"Why, no, mother; I suppose not exactly. You see, he said I might go if I would be ready at two o'clock, and I was just going to put on my things when he started off as hard as he could run. There he is now, a long way down the other side of the common," she added, with a little sob.

"And it is a quarter past two. Why did n't you get ready in time?"

"I did n't think it was so late. Besides, I was going as soon as I had finished Dolly's apron. But Hal said the rest were waiting, and he could not stop another minute."

"And you do n't blame him, Jessie? He had no right to keep the other children waiting, any more than you had to keep him. I am sorry you have lost your afternoon's pleasure just because you were behind time, but you can do nothing now but make the best of it, and learn that while you are 'just going,' your opportunity may be just gone."

Jessie drew a deep sigh and sat down to console herself with a book.

By and by her mother put down her work-basket and went out of the room, saying, "Jessie, dear, look after the baby, and do n't let him go out of your sight."

"Yes, mother, I'll watch him. Here, Birdie, come and see what Jessie has got."

Baby took the china doll she gave him, tasted of its head, pounded the floor with it, shook it as a cat would a mouse, and then crept off on an exploring expedition. Presently Jessie heard a crash and a cry that made her heart beat fast.

She rushed into the next room, and there sat baby Dick on the floor, covered with bits of broken glass, and a little stream of blood running down his white forehead. He had pulled over and broken a vase on his own head. His screams soon brought their mother, and while she was bathing the wound, Jessie stood by, saying, "I had missed him, and was just going after him when I heard him cry. Poor little Dick!"

"If you had only gone, Jessie, instead of 'meaning' to go," was the sober answer, "he would have been saved this sad wound."

When Jessie's mother went up to bed with her that night, she asked: "Has this been a pleasant day to my little girl?"

"No, mother; it has been the worst kind of a day. In the first place, I was late at school this morning, and that put me out of humor for the whole forenoon; then I could n't go with Hal; and, worst of all, poor baby got hurt. Has n't it been a day of misfortunes?"

"And every one of them has happened because you were just 'going' to do, instead of doing it."

Jessie unlaced her boots in silence. At last she said, "But I never mean to be late."

"Of course you do n't. But the mischief is, my dear child, that you feel as if it were all well enough as long as you are *just going* to do your duty. That is a great mistake. 'Just going to' amounts to nothing. Do it; do n't stop to mean to do it;" and Mrs. Richmond spoke so earnestly that Jessie looked up in her face and said:

"Why, mother, what makes you care so much about it? Do you think I am so very bad?"

Her mother took her in her arms and answered: "I am sick at heart, Jessie, because I am afraid 'just going to' will spoil your whole life. It cheats you of your pleasure and hinders you from your duties; and sometimes, Jessie, I am dreadfully afraid when my darling comes to heaven's gate at last, and her Father asks, 'My child, did you give your heart to me down on the earth?' my poor child will have to say, 'O, Lord, I always meant it; I was just going to, when the angel of death took me away!' Then he would have to say, 'Inasmuch as ye did it not—depart.'"

The last words sank to a whisper, and Jessie felt hot tears dropping upon her head. She sank on her knees and prayed earnestly, "O, Lord Jesus, please cure me of my naughty faults! Make me do right the first minute, without waiting to be just going to. Dear Heavenly Father, take my heart now for Christ's sake. Amen."

SONSY;

OR, HOW TO CONQUER SPELLING.

HOT tears were following each other, and falling one by one upon the dog's-eared leaves of a spelling-book, over which was bent a fair little head. The afternoon's sun was shining cheerily into the room, and the air was sweet as it came in at the open window—sweet with the scent of flowers, and all alive with the hum of insects, and the clear song of the lark, as it rose higher and higher in the Summer sky; but Charley's head ached too much with crying to listen to the birds and insects, and his eyes were too dim with tears to see how brightly the sun shone. The honey-suckle, too, which nodded its head almost in at the window, and smelt so sweet, went unnoticed by him, for he had been sitting over his spelling ever since the clock on the mantelpiece struck three, and now the hands pointed to twenty minutes to four.

Do not blame little Charley too much for being so long over a column of spelling. It is true he had been idle, but remember how hard you find it to learn when you want to play, and it *was* a difficult lesson, too, that was set him—words of three syllables—very hard for a little boy to remember.

At this moment the door opened, and a gentleman entered. He was not fair like Charley, but dark, with brown curly hair, and gray eyes, that turned with a loving gaze on the little boy.

"What, Charley, crying! How is this?"

"O, uncle, I have such a lot of spelling, and I can't learn it a bit," said the child in sorrowful tones.

"C A T cat, Charley?" asked his uncle.

"No, Uncle Hugh," he replied, "such long words! Need I learn it?"

"Well, my boy, I can not let you leave your lessons altogether, but we will go for a run in the fields, and afterward we will see to the spelling."

A walk with Uncle Hugh was always a great treat to Charley, still it was a very sad voice that answered, "Thank you, uncle, but I—I do n't believe I can ever learn the spelling."

For some time nothing more was said about the lesson. Charley's tone lost its sadness, and he laughed and talked as if nothing had been the matter, for his uncle knew well how to make people happy by talking of pleasant things. At last they stopped beside a brook. Uncle Hugh sat down, and making Charley sit beside him, he said,

"Now, my dear boy, you seem to have forgotten the spelling, but I have not, for it grieved

me very much to see my nephew so idle; and I am going to tell you about a boy I knew when I was your age, twenty or more years ago. Your grandfather lived then near a village in Wiltshire, not in the house where you went last Summer, but about twelve miles from there. There was at the side of our grounds a moor or common, upon which many sheep fed. The sheep were taken care of by boys, who were paid a trifle for leading them to the common in the morning, minding them during the day, and taking them home again at night. Among those shepherd boys there was one who went by the name of Sonsy. He was very poor and rough looking, with dark skin and shaggy, uncombed hair, but his was an honest face, and there shone out from under his matted curls two as bright eyes as you could wish to see.

"Sonsy's father died when he was quite a baby, and after that his mother had hard work to get bread for herself and her orphan boy, and was not able to pay to send him to school.

"Sonsy knew how hard his mother worked, and as he sat alone by the sheep, he used often to think of when he should be a man, and then he meant to earn a great deal of money, and to keep his mother, who had toiled so long for him. Then would come the thought of how little he knew; he could neither read nor write his own name, and it made poor Sonsy feel very downcast, for he knew there was but little chance for him to make his way, having learned nothing.

"One day it struck him that he might try to teach himself to read, and for this purpose he hunted out an old spelling-book of his mother's, and day after day there might be seen the poor shepherd boy, sitting with his crook at his side, and his spelling-book on his knee. It was no easy task to him, for he had never been used to apply himself to any thing; and besides, the other shepherd boys, when they found out what he was doing, tried to laugh him out of his good resolutions; and many an unkind and jeering word he had to bear for setting himself up 'to be a scholar' as they called it. But love to his mother made him persevere, and after long trying he was able to read tolerably well, all but the difficult words."

"And what became of him, uncle?"

"Sonsy is now a man; and, when I last saw him, he was in a respectable situation in a town near his former home, where he earns sufficient not only to help his mother in her old age, but to keep a comfortable home of his own. He has two little boys of his own, not with unwashed faces like his was, but clean and neat, because Sonsy's wife is careful and good,

and they have enough money to bring up their little ones respectably. Believe me, Charley, no one ever loses by diligence, and God will never forget his promise of temporal blessing to those who 'honor their father and their mother.' You have been placed, Charley, in a very different station in life to what Sonsy was, and will need much more learning than he did. But study is made easy to you, for you have dear papa to help you."

"And you too, Uncle Hugh, sometimes," chimed in the little boy.

"Yes, Charley, 'sometimes,' when I am here. And now, my dear boy, we must be going home, or you will not have time to learn your spelling before papa comes in to tea."

"Thank you, uncle. I *will* try to learn my lessons better, and it will help me very much to think of Sonsy."

Charley's lesson was learned, and it was well learned, not that day only but many days, till the habit of diligence became easy to him; and so Uncle Hugh's story was never lost. "A word spoken in due season, how good is it!"

A LITTLE THING.

It was such a little thing—

One slight twist of crimson string;

But 't was stealing all the same,

And the child who took it knew

That she told what was not true,

Just to screen herself from blame;

First a theft and then a lie—

Both recorded up on high.

It was but one little word,

Softly spoken, scarcely heard,

Uttered by a single breath;

But it dared to take in vain

God's most high and holy name,

So provoking wrath and death.

Soon the lips once fresh and fair,

Opened but to curse and swear.

It was but one little blow—

Passion's sudden overflow—

But scarcely heeded in its fall;

But, once loosed, the fiery soul

Would no longer brook control;

Laws it spurned, defied them all,

Till the hands love clasped in vain

Wore the murderer's crimson stain.

Ah! it is the foxes small,

Slyly climbing o'er the wall,

That destroy the tender vines;

And it is the spark of fire,

Brightening, growing, curling higher,

That across the forest shines.

Just so, step by step, does sin,

If unchecked, a triumph win.

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

Gatherings of the Month.

FAMILY INHUMANITY.—Dictionaries define inhumanity to be any act causing unnecessary pain. This is a very stringent definition, if we analyze it closely and accept it honestly. No one of us but would resent with instant indignation the charge of being inhuman. No one of us but is inhuman every day of our lives. Does this sound severe? Very likely. The truth is apt to. It is a two-edged sword cutting to the dividing asunder of the marrow. "Unnecessary pain!" Do we dare to examine this weapon of a phrase? What pain can it be "necessary" for us to inflict upon those with whom we live? Clearly no pain, except such as may be needful for their physical or moral good.

Let us begin, then, with the beginning of a day, and reckon up candidly the different pains we shall give before it is done, if we live as we are in the habit of living.

We are fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, neighbors, chums, associates. How do we meet each other's first glance in the morning? Do we smile, or do we frown? or do we look lifeless, as if we had not interest enough in anything either to smile or frown? If we do any thing except smile kindly, affectionately, we inflict "unnecessary pain," first on those who love us, secondly on those who, without loving us, are more or less affected by our atmosphere. It is n't a very severe pain. No. If it were, a good many men, and women, and little children who are alive to-day would not be. But it is a pain, a real pain, and an "unnecessary pain." We are inhuman. Next, what do we say? Do we speak courteously, gently? Do we mention things which are pleasant and cheering? Or do we speak rudely and harshly, find all the fault which can be found with the weather and the breakfast, and proceed to antagonistic discussions and slanderous evil-speaking? If we do the latter, we have sown pain, as the sower sows seed—"unnecessary pain," pain from which only evil can follow—we are inhuman. And this is but the first hour of the day—before we really oall it begun, before we have even thought, perhaps, what we will do with ourselves for the day. Then come business, work, pleasure. Upon the word and will of each one of us hang the movements, the occupations, the enjoyments, suffering of others, more or less, for the day.

Helpless little children, perhaps. What mother, reckoning solemnly with her own soul, can often say

at night that she has not inflicted one single "unnecessary pain" on her children during the day—not a single needless denial, not a single unreasonable requisition, not a rude or unkind word?

Employés, perhaps, servants, workmen—what mistress, what master can say on any night that not in one instance during the day has man or woman suffered at his hands "unnecessary pain?" O, the terrible stringency of that word "unnecessary!" There is no evading it. It parts a great chasm in our actions, separating right from wrong, with vividness as unerring as noonday light.

Friends, perhaps, acquaintances, strangers—for even the most solitary, the most independent, they who have neither child, nor wife, nor husband, nor servant, must still have some sort of relation with their fellows. No man liveth unto himself alone. If it is but the accidental association of wanderer with wanderer for a few hours under a common roof, what loneliest soul at night can dare to say that not once since that day's sun rose has he caused "unnecessary pain" to any human being?

Who is equal unto these things? Who may dare look the facts of his one day's inhumanities in the face? Where shall we hide ourselves when we hear the voice of God in the garden, asking for our brother?

We indulge in hot indignation at the occasional glaring inhumanities of others; but we do not dream of our own. We are profuse of ejaculations of horror at the monstrous cruelties now and then recorded in the newspapers, and we never think how close of kin in nature are our own habitual actions. The difference of degree blinds us to the relationship. But the difference of degree is not so great as we suppose; and it is not so much a matter of virtue in us as it is a result of our surroundings.

THE WORLD WITHOUT GOD.—How sad to disintomb Egyptian and Assyrian monuments, and gaze on endless trains of miserable captives and insulting conquerors, and to see events writing similar subjects for history even now! Is this all? If the thought of God comes, there is some security of progress, some hope even of retrieval. With all the mystery there is not despair. The past is not utterly past. The ruins of nations become like the strata which are platforms for a new world, and their ruins have had a life in them which is still capable of reconstruction. Take away our hope in God, and history

becomes a sea of tumultuous billows, dark and shoreless; nations rising only to fall; great souls shoot across the horizon like dying meteors, and all the spiritual lodgings of the past written down but to tell us of the vanity of our efforts. We could bear to study history only as we forget all the higher ends it might serve as a school of training for immortal souls, as the steps of a Divine Architect through the broken scaffolding and scattered stone-wreck upward to a finished structure. The very glimpse of this is reviving, but to give it up at once, Architect and end, and see human lives shattered and strewn across weary ages, and human hearts torn and bleeding, with no abiding result, this surely would fill a thoughtful mind with pain. The more of such history, the more of sorrow.—*Rev. John Kerr.*

A SERIOUS SUBJECT.—Never laugh at religion. Never make a jest of sacred things. Never mock those who are serious and in earnest about their souls. The time may come when you will count those happy whom you laughed at—a time when your laughter will be turned into sorrow, and your mockery into heaviness. Whatever you please to laugh at, do n't laugh at religion.

Contempt of holy things is the high road to infidelity. Once let a man begin to make a jest and joke of any part of Christianity, and I am never surprised to hear that he has turned out a downright unbeliever.

Have you really made up your mind to this? Have you fairly looked into the gulf which is before you if you persist in despising religion? Call to mind the words of David: "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God." The fool, and none but the fool! He has said it, but he has never proved it. Remember, if ever there was a book which has been proved true from beginning to end, by every kind of evidence, that book is the Bible. It has defied the attacks of all enemies and fault-finders. "The word of the Lord is indeed tried." It has been tried in every way, and the more evidently has it been shown to be the very handiwork of God himself.

Matthew Henry tells a story of a great statesman in Queen Elizabeth's time, who retired from public life in his latter days and gave himself up to serious thought. His former gay companions came to visit him, and told him he was becoming melancholy.

"No," he replied, "I am serious; for all are serious round about me. God is serious in observing us, Christ is serious in interceding for us, the Spirit is serious in striving with us, the truths of God are serious, our spiritual enemies are serious in their endeavors to ruin us, and why then should not you and I be serious too?" Do n't laugh at religion.—*J. C. Ryle.*

A WIFE'S POWER.—The power of a wife for good or evil is irresistible. Home must be the seat of happiness or it must be forever unknown. A good wife is to a man wisdom, courage, and strength; a bad one is confusion, weakness, and despair. No condition is hopeless to a man where the wife pos-

sesses firmness, decision, and economy. There is no outward prosperity which can counteract indolence, extravagance, and folly at home. No spirit can long endure bad domestic influence. Man is strong, but his heart is not adamant. He delights in enterprise and action, but to sustain him he needs a tranquil mind; and especially if he is an intellectual man, with a whole heart, he needs his moral forces in the conflicts of life. To recover his composure, home must be a place of peace, of cheerfulness, and of comfort; there his soul renews its strength and goes forth with fresh vigor to encounter the labor and troubles of life. But if at home he finds no rest, and is there met with bad temper, jealousy, or gloom, or is assailed by complaints and censure, hope vanishes and he sinks into despair. Such is the case with too many who, it might seem, have no conflicts or trials of life; for such is the wife's power.—*Morning Star.*

HOW TO BE HAPPY.—A French philosopher laid down three rules for the attainment of happiness. The first was occupation; the second, *occupation*; and the third and last was still *OCCUPATION*. It develops your mental and physical powers. You were created for it. Brain and judgment, sinew and muscle, bone and blood, were all given you to be thus used. Unused, they rust, and wither, and shrivel, and decay. Brought into active, healthful exercise, they bring happiness to you of which the idle, listless man knows not. Even the sleep of the toiler has a joy and rest that others can imagine but never realize.

Establish hours of rest and relaxation. To the hardest worker comes the blessed day of rest, interleaved among the seven days of the week. This, at least, the law allows him to command for his own; and the happy tendency of our times is to give him other hours of rest besides, to enjoy with the loved ones at home. But those who work with the mind, as well as the body, should have even more hours of rest and relaxation with their family, unharassed by the wearing business toils of life, free from its corroding and cankering cares, and dedicated to happiness and recuperation.

Visiting recently one of the busiest men in the United States, I found that he had laid down the law of his daily life that, when he turned his back on his office, he left all its thousand details behind him till the morrow; shut out absolutely his multiplied business cares when he closed the door of his dwelling; and there, in the fullness of enjoyment with his family, renewed his daily youth by mingling with the amusements of the household. To such, life has a daily zest never realized by him who carries his business, at home as well as his counting-room, like a clanking chain, always hanging upon his limbs.—*Independent.*

THE PROBLEM OF EVIL.—The Lord does not provide evil. It is a perversion of what he provides. But he does permit it. He permits it because the nature of man demands such permission. The freedom of the will, which lies at the very basis of his manhood, and by the preservation of which it is,

alone possible for him to be an image and likeness of his Maker, demands it. Free-will was given man that he might become an angel, that there might be a heaven of angels; but by its abuse he may become a devil, and so hell become a merciful necessity. Hence evil exists, and the Lord permits it, for its overthrow would involve the destruction of man.

But the Lord's providence is none the less, but rather the more active because of evil. Its constant effort now is to oppose and moderate the evil in man, and to insinuate, and confirm in him the good, ever regarding that great essential of his regeneration, his freedom.

Evil has introduced into the world great disorder. This disorder every-where manifests itself. The earth is full of it, demanding incessant labor and watchfulness. The atmosphere teems with it, requiring that we be ever on our guard. These bodies, full of the germs of disease, how painfully do they oftentimes exhibit it! Evil shortens our lives in this world and not seldom fills them with sorrow and suffering.

Had evil no place in the world, these disorders would have no existence. We should have to contend for our daily bread with no rank and useless vegetation or destructive insect. Sickness would no longer prostrate, or disease prey upon these bodies. Then the Lord's providence would operate differently from now. It would be wholly effective, for there would be nothing to oppose it. There would be in it nothing at variance with our inclinations, for they would be in agreement with the Divine will.—*New Jerusalem Messenger.*

FAILURES IN SOCIETY.—Society is full of failures that need never have been made; full of men who have never succeeded when they might have, and should have, succeeded; full of women who in the first half of their days did nothing but eat, and sleep, and simper, and in the last half have done nothing but perpetuate their follies and weaknesses. The world is full, I say, of such people; full of men in every trade and profession who do not amount to any thing, and of girls and women without trade or profession who have no desire to amount to any thing; and I do not speak irreverently, and I trust not without due charity, without making due allowance for the inevitable in life, when I say that God and thoughtful men are weary of their presence. Every boy ought to improve on his own father; every girl grow into a nobler, gentler, more self-denying womanhood than the mother. No reproduction of the former types will give the world the perfect type. I know not where the millennium is, as measured by distance of time; but I do know, and so do you all, that it is a great way off as measured by human growth and expansion. We have no such men and women yet, no age has ever had any, as shall stand on the earth in that age of peace that will not come until men are worthy of it.—*W. H. H. Murray.*

WOMANLY ECONOMY.—There is much talk of the extravagance of women, and there is no doubt that

when a woman puts her hand to the spending of money she can do it with a perfect looseness. Women are naturally extremists, and do whatever they do, and think whatever they think, with all their might. But to this question of spending money there are two sides, and the balance decidedly inclines toward saving rather than spending. Women are naturally economists. They have twice the knack of saving that men have. Think of the "auld clothes made to look amaisht as weel as new;" think of the old bonnets re-trimmed and brought out in the latest style; think of the twisting and turning, the contriving and saving to which many a woman resorts to keep her family looking respectable, while her husband never thinks of stinting himself in cigars or liquor. Many a man is kept from pauperism by the contrivings of his wife; many a family owes the comfortable house they inhabit more to the economy of the mother than the savings of the father. Before men talk of the extravagance of women, they should strive to learn a lesson from their economy.

THAT DAY.—There is a future. A cry not to be suppressed in your own better nature, and the solemn prophecy ringing all through that Word of Heaven in Holy Scripture, which you say you believe, proclaim it with almost equal distinctness. Every human heart wants something very definite in order to confront "that day." I shall say nothing to you about the proportions of the figurative and the literal in predictions; for you know as well as I do that the eternal reality is not to be trifled with or covered up by any such imbecile devices. The Day will try every man's work, every man's foot-hold, of what sort it is. There must be something to hold by. A "belief" will not do, if it be a belief too short to reach from the intellect to the heart and will. A doctrinal theory, a pew in church, an outward conformity, handsome words about your ecclesiastical order spiced with sarcasms on the ways of your neighbors, along with a life intensely absorbed in your business, your family, your reputation will not answer. There will shine at last a great and scorching light, before which the secrets of all hearts will be opened. There can be no illusion about the right hand and the left. Forewarnings of that separation are written all over your common scenery. The stream sweeps on. Familiar forms vanish. The graves open and close. Your body shows symptoms of wearing out. Wherever the changes may be, is there not "one thing" that is a preparation for them all, and makes a man superior to them all? Do you want that? Does your present religious condition give it to you?—*Bishop Huntington.*

THE HEART.—The heart of a man is a short word—a small substance, scarce enough to give a kite a meal; yet great in capacity—so indefinite in desire, that the round globe of the world can not fill the three corners of it. When it desires more, and cries, "Give, give!" I will set it over to the infinite good, where the more it hath, it may desire more, and see more to be desired.—*Bishop Hall.*

Contemporary Literature.

THE EARTH: A Descriptive History of the Phenomena of the Life of the Globe. By *Elsée Reclus*. Royal Octavo. Pp. 567. \$5. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

This is a noble monument of learning and research into physical geography. The author spent more than fifteen years in careful study, travel, and research in preparation for the work. It has already passed through two editions in France, and has received the author's emendations and improvements. The present edition was translated by the late B. B. Woodward, B. A., F. S. A., the Queen's Librarian at Windsor Castle, and edited since his death by his brother, Henry Woodward, of the British Museum. There is no work, either French or English, in which so great a task has been attempted and achieved with such wonderful success. Every page bears marks of careful and laborious research, and the harmonious grouping of the several parts gives the work unity and completeness. The volume contains two hundred and thirty maps inserted in the text, and twenty-three page maps printed in colors. The illustrations, both in number and excellence, surpass any work we have ever seen on physical geography. The volume will give its author a high place in popular scientific literature.

THE ANCIENT HISTORY OF THE EAST. *From the Earliest Times to the Conquest by Alexander the Great.* By *Philip Smith, B. A., Author of the "History of the World."* 12mo. Pp. 649. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

This is another of the admirable books which the Harpers are issuing under the title of "The Student's Series." An indispensable volume it is, too, in the series. In vain the student attempts the study of classic literature without an acquaintance with the history of the East, the birthplace of nations. Greece and Rome were the children of a history already by-gone and of older forms of civilization. The student is constantly finding the doubtful traditions and the undoubted signs of this earlier history and more ancient civilization. Egypt and Phœnicia loom up, however vaguely, in what he learns of the origin of Greek society, arts, and letters. The earliest and noblest poetry of Greece and of the world, as well as the legends of Rome, bring him at once in contact with an Asiatic kingdom out of which they have sprung. Thanks to the energetic researches of modern times, we are now able to have ancient histories that are reliable and well worthy of diligent study. The present volume is one of this kind. It is a *résumé* of all that is known of the remote ancient nations. Its facts are thoroughly sifted. The work is based on an independent study

of the ancient writers, and a careful use of the best modern authorities, and the wonderful modern discoveries of methods and sources of knowledge. The history includes Egypt, Assyria, Babylonia, Media, Persia, Asia Minor, and Phœnicia. The work is copiously illustrated by engravings on wood.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF CATHERINE M. SEDGWICK. Edited by *Mary F. Dewey*. 12mo. Pp. 426. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

Ever since Miss Sedgwick's death, now a little more than three years ago, those who knew and loved her best have been desirous that some printed memorial should exist of a life so beautiful and delightful in itself, and so beneficent in its influence on others. Many besides must join in this wish; for, although few remain of the generation in which she was a shining light, yet they, and those who were still young enough when her books appeared to feel their characters distinctly molded by her words of tender wisdom, will rejoice, both for their own sakes and that of younger people who knew her not, that there should be placed on record a fuller sketch of her life than any that has yet appeared. The volume now offered to satisfy this desire is chiefly made up of such extracts from her letters and journals as can be given to the public, and are also enriched by papers from the hands of Mrs. Fanny Kemble, Mrs. Abby H. Gibbons, Rev. Dr. Dewey, and William Cullen Bryant. The story of her life is a simple tale as regards outward circumstances. No striking incidents, no remarkable occurrences will be found in it, but the gradual unfolding and ripening, amid congenial surroundings, of a true and beautiful soul, a clear and refined intellect, and a singularly sympathetic social nature. The complete list of Miss Sedgwick's works are published by the Harpers.

MINISTERING CHILDREN AND SEQUEL. By *Maria Louisa Charlesworth*. 8vo. Pp. 408 and 428. \$4. New York: Robert Carter & Bros. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

The publishers' note to this very beautiful volume says all that is necessary to say of a book already so widely known: "It is scarcely necessary to invite attention to a work of which more than one hundred thousand copies have already been sold in England and America. It was thought, however, that a new and beautiful edition, with the Sequel in the same volume, might be acceptable to the generation of children which have come upon the scene of action since its first publication. It will be found as interesting to them as it was to their predecessors. One of the objects of this exquisite tale is to assist parents to instill into the minds of their children sentiments of piety, generosity, and benevolence.

It contains incidents of touching pathos, and pictures of great beauty, which so glide in and take their places, one after another, that the reader hardly knows whether to linger or press forward in the perusal. Children and older persons may alike derive entertainment and instruction from its pages." The edition is indeed a very beautiful one, printed on toned paper, handsomely illustrated, and richly bound. There can be no better holiday present for the children in the book line than this.

BELLE LOVEL. By T. R. Y., Author of "Emily Douglas," etc. 16mo. Pp. 342. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co. Cincinnati: George E. Stevens & Co.

This is another beautiful, truthful, and instructive story, worthy in all respects to stand beside the one above, but rather adapted to a younger class of readers. It is a pleasing picture of a loving family life.

SAVING FAITH; ITS RATIONALE: With a Demonstration of its Presence in the Organic Condition of Methodist Church Membership. By Rev. Israel Chamberlayne, D. D. 12mo. Pp. 216. New York: Carlton & Lanahan. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.

It is not an uncommon charge against the Methodist Episcopal Church, coming from outsiders, that no real faith or living experience is required as a condition of membership; and not a few of the friends of the Church, mistaking its true and broad liberality for laxity, make concessions to this charge, and admit that membership may be attained in our Church without any real Christian life in the candidate. Methodism from the beginning was a movement so unexpected, so strange in its progress, and so peculiar in its unfolding and development, that it is not strange, after all, that it is difficult for those outside of the movement thoroughly to understand and appreciate it; and even from its own members, it requires a careful study of its history in order to understand many of its peculiarities and institutions. The present little volume is a thorough explanation and defense of the *one* condition of admission into our societies, and of our methods of making Church members. The Methodist practice is a very simple and a very efficient one. It meets fallen humanity with its open doors whenever that humanity first begins to turn to God. It throws in the way of the awakened sinner no formidable obstacles; but as soon as "he feels the wrath of God hanging over his head," and is moved by a "desire to flee from the wrath to come, and to be saved from his sins," it welcomes him, not to full and perfected membership in the Church, but to the use and benefit of its offices and services; to its sympathies and prayers; to its help and nurturing care. But immediately it lays down for him a system of "Rules," positive and negative, by the observance of which he is to continue to "manifest this desire," and to show forth continually his state and progress in the Christian life. Then, when at the end of this probationary period he has given evidence of Christian experi-

ence, and is prepared to affirm for himself that he "has saving faith in Christ," and to take upon him the vows of a religious life, he is admitted to full membership in the Church. With such a process, there is no Church organization in the world that, on the one hand, more liberally, charitably, and lovingly meets the awakened sinner, and on the other more carefully and judiciously guards the vital and spiritual experiences of its members. Dr. Chamberlayne's treatise is a masterly vindication of this method, and incidentally is one of the clearest and ablest expositions of the real nature of saving faith that we have ever read.

MISREAD PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE. Second Series. By J. Baldwin Brown, B. A., Author of "The Divine Mysteries," etc. 12mo. Pp. 200. New York: Carlton & Lanahan. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.

Readers who possess the previous volume of Mr. Brown's "Misread Passages" will not wait long to secure the present. The author is a fearless investigator, as is indicated by his laying hold of those very passages of Scripture which expositors have been in the habit of passing over lightly. But though fearless, he is not rash or reckless. His boldness springs from a profound faith in the Bible, that it is always right, and wise, and good, if we can search out its real meaning. He is, therefore, not afraid of the most searching criticism, confident that the Bible will always triumph, when left free to speak its own word and do its own work in the world. The worst policy for the Bible is that timid anxiety that would lift it out of the realm of ordinary investigation, and throw around it a mist of supposed sheltering care. The Bible is able to defend itself. Many of the difficulties with which it is supposed to be cumbered disappear the moment an open eye is brought to bear upon them, and the reader is willing to interpret the parts in the spirit and by the light of the whole. The present volume differs in one respect from the former. "It is less a criticism of particular texts which appear to be popularly misinterpreted, than a consideration of Scriptural subjects on which much misunderstanding exists, owing mainly to the supposed teaching of various passages of the Word of God."

AUNT JANE'S HERO. By E. Prentiss, Author of "Stepping Heavenward," etc. 12mo. Pp. 292. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co. Cincinnati: Geo. E. Stevens & Co.

This volume belongs to the higher and purer order of fiction, that fiction which is true to human life, and, what is important in these times, distinctly recognizes religion as an element of a true human life; the religion, too, is clearly and boldly that of Christ; no mere sentimentality or superficial amiability, but a living power in the soul forming the life and helping in its needs and sorrows. The story is one of married life, and inculcates the proper choice from your own circle, social and religious, of a companion for life; the wisdom and enjoyment of com-

mencing married life within your income, and, above all, of introducing the Savior as a welcome guest at once into the living family circle. Under the necessity of our times we welcome this kind of literature.

THE RED SHANTY BOYS; or, Pictures of New England School-Life Thirty Years Ago. By Park Ludlow, A. M. 16mo. Pp. 324. \$1.50. Boston: Henry A. Young & Co. Cincinnati: George E. Stevens & Co.

This sparkling little volume is packed full of school-adventures and amusing exhibitions of boy character. Nick Hardy is the Hero—and a comical little fellow he is—almost always in hot water, but sure to come out on the cool side at last. The old school-master who had such a trial with him, Uncle Ben who gave him a home, and whipped him for his pranks, old Jerry who scared him and made him presents, and the gentle school-mistress and the worthy minister who saw the good in him and succeeded in bringing it out, are characters that every young reader will fall in love with. The boys of Red Shanty School will be found a set of good fellows in spite of the old "Shanty" they study in. On the play-ground they are good company for any lad over six and less than nineteen who has sport in him.

"THE GREAT CALAMITY." *Scenes, Incidents, and Lessons of the Great Chicago Fire.* Prepared by Alfred L. Sewell. 12mo. Pp. 100. 50 cents. Chicago: Alfred L. Sewell. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden and Robert Clarke & Co.

This little volume is a faithful record of the awful fire of Chicago of the 8th and 9th of October, the greatest fire by far of modern times. Mr. Sewell was an eye-witness of the conflagration, is a keen and intelligent observer, and has availed himself of all reliable sources of information with regard to the scenes and incidents of the memorable occasion. The story is very judiciously told, and the little volume will go down to the future as the history of the great calamity. The author is well known to the American public as the originator and editor of the "Little Corporal," and deserves well of the people in the time of adversity that the fire has

brought upon him. The book is well written and is issued in neat style, and deserves, and we trust will have, a large sale. It contains also some account of other great conflagrations of modern times, and the burning of Peshtigo, Wisconsin.

AGATE STORIES. By the Author of "The Basket of Flowers." 16mo. Pp. 415.

ASHCLIFFE HALL. A Tale of the Last Century. By Emily Sarah Holt, Author of "Mistress Margery," etc. 16mo. Pp. 443. New York: Robert Carter & Bros. Cincinnati: Geo. Crosby.

Two excellent books, interesting and instructive, safe and Christian, as are all Carter's books.

OLD CURIOSITY SHOP, AND AMERICAN NOTES; OUR MUTUAL FRIEND; MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT; DOMBEY AND SON. By Charles Dickens. 12mos. Pp. 325, 340, 341, 356. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

These are in the series of "The Handy Volume Edition" of Dickens' works, the recommendations being convenience of size and cheapness of price.

PAPER.

THE GLADIATORS: A Tale of Rome and Judea. By J. G. Whyte Melville. 8vo. Pp. 174. 60 cents.

MORTON HOUSE. By the Author of "Valerie Aylmer." 8vo. Pp. 266. \$1. **THE DIAMOND ON THE HEARTH.** By Marian James. 8vo. Pp. 167. 50 cents. **TANCRED; or, the New Crusade.** By Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli. 8vo. Pp. 158. 50 cents. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Robt. Clarke & Co.

LADY JUDITH: A Tale of Two Continents. By Justin McCarthy. 8vo. Pp. 306. **OVERLAND.** By J. W. De Forest. 8vo. Pp. 209. New York: Sheldon & Co. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

ANNE FURNESS. By the Author of "The Sacristan's Household." 8vo. Pp. 175. 75 cents. **JOSHUA MARVEL.** By B. L. Farjeon. 8vo. Pp. 176. 40 cents. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

Editor's Table.

ABOUT OUR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.—The Methodist of November 11th uttered some good and true words about the Repository, which, being misunderstood in some quarters, make it necessary for us "to rise and explain." The Methodist speaks first of the difficulty of originating and maintaining monthly publications in the American Church. The difficulty, in fact, is such that not one in a dozen of experiments succeed. We have witnessed the rise and fall of more than a dozen denominational magazines during our own editorial term of seven years, and in

several other instances our deepest sympathies have been enlisted in the struggles of certain magazines under the control of our sister denominations to keep from dying, struggles which during several years have barely succeeded in keeping them alive. It is true that "monthly publications seem almost hopeless in the American Church."

The Methodist gives several reasons for this, applicable to our own Church as well as others. "One is that our people, being generally very practical and absorbed in urgent cares, have but little time for

reading; and our weekly periodicals are so numerous that they supply about all the reading that many of the people can spare time for. Some of our weeklies also give a good supply of such reading as would be presented in a popular monthly. Another reason is the fact that outside publishing houses, of great capital, issue monthlies, containing the ablest possible contributions of American pens, at a price so low as to render further competition next to impossible. A third reason, perhaps, may be alleged—namely, that our best denominational pens are so much addicted to other kinds of literary labor as not to be apt for this kind."

The chief reason, we think, is the one intimated in the reference to the magazines published by two or three of the great publishing houses of the country. These publishing houses have immense advantages over every denominational publishing house. Their capital is more free and more directly under their own control; they appropriate it in directions that "pay," and for no other purposes; they can use a much more varied literature, some of it very doubtful in its character, which a religious magazine would not dare touch, but which is popular with the masses; they can command quick and ready pens, and pay them well, for all kinds of composition, including stories, novels, comicalities, and that kind of semi-religious literature, that, while it teaches no genuine religion, yet throws an air of morality over the magazine. All this helps to make a magazine popular with the multitude; but from all this the religious monthly must turn away.

But these great publishing houses command the market of the whole country; they are hampered by but few limitations to the kind of literature they may use, and with no boundaries as to the field of their circulation, no denominational lines circumscribe their territory; they go into all the bookstores, into the street-corner bookstands, into the shops of the news dealers, into the steam-boats and railroad cars, and all classes of religious and irreligious people buy them. Now we are convinced that all this is impossible to a denominational magazine. We are aware that many have the idea that our publishers could reach this general market as well as the publishers of promiscuous literature. But actual experiment in our denomination, as well as others, proves that this can not be done. Denominational literature is almost entirely shut up to its own denomination. If the monthly, in order to gain this general circulation, ceases to be purely religious in its character, and distinctly Christian in all its literature, as well as denominational in all its bearings, it will simply lose the sympathy and interest of its own denomination, and yet fail to gain the outside masses. The only true policy for a magazine, published under churchly auspices is, to adapt itself specially to its own denomination, and seek its circulation there.

As regards our own Church, a denomination of nearly a million and a half of members ought to furnish an ample field for the circulation of religious literature; and it really does. The Methodist Episcopal Church is publishing ten official weekly papers,

besides four or five more or less closely connected with the Church. These papers have an aggregate circulation of perhaps but little less than 200,000, and, as The Methodist says, each of "these weeklies gives a very good supply of such reading as would be presented in a popular monthly." Then comes our Ladies' Repository, with a circulation ranging from thirty to thirty-five thousand. This, as The Methodist has it, is certainly a success for a ladies' periodical. The Methodist, unfortunately for these days, when it is unlawful to call anything female, says, "female periodical," and our friend, brother Goodwin, takes the paper to task for it. The Methodist is right, and so is our friend Goodwin. The Repository originated thirty-one years ago, as a magazine for the ladies, and primarily has maintained this character, and until the whole thing is changed by authority, it is the duty, and we know it to be the pleasure, of both editor and publishers to keep steadily in view that it is the Ladies' Repository. But many of our best friends overlook a very important fact; namely, that the Repository, being the only monthly, except our little Golden Hours, published by the Church, it has always been the aim of editors and publishers to make it a family magazine, adapted to the whole family, the father as well as the mother, the sons as well as the daughters. We often fear that its prominent title, The Ladies' Repository, has induced many men, preachers and editors as well as others, to forget to examine its pages, to see what an amount of general literature, adapted to all classes of readers, may be found in its ample pages. It should be remembered, too, that the last General Conference authorized certain changes by which the range of literature in the Repository was enlarged, and to indicate this fact its title was also changed by adding to it, and "Home Magazine."

We have not space here now to discuss two or three questions, such as, "Should we have another monthly magazine for the Church?" "Should the one we have be changed in title and character so as to meet all wants?" and several minor questions growing out of these. We will look at them next month. In the mean time we desire all friends of the Repository to look at the following facts: The Repository is now, and for another year at least must be, our only monthly magazine for the Church; that while in its primary application it is a magazine for women, it is also a home magazine, and contains a wide variety of literature; that in size, embellishment, and illustration, in mechanical execution, and in the character of its literature, it is a costly magazine, and at its price is the cheapest in the country; that being published by our Church, its circulation must be almost entirely confined to the Church; that while its circulation is a success, yet in a Church of more than a million members its circulation ought to be doubled, and, that with every increase of circulation the publishers can afford to increase the value of the magazine.

DELEGATES TO GENERAL CONFERENCE.—The Bishops have finished the list of Fall Conferences,

and the delegates to the General Conference of May, 1872, have been elected, constituting about one-half of the full number. The following is a full list of the delegates thus far elected:

East Maine.—*Ministers:* Charles B. Dunn, Loren D. Wardwell, A. Prince. *Reserves:* George Pratt, Edwin A. Helmershausen. *Laymen:* Charles Beale, Horace Muzzey. *Reserves:* Hiram Ruggles, R. M. Brookings.

Germany and Switzerland.—*Minister:* L. S. Jacoby, D. D. *Reserve:* J. F. Hurst, D. D. *Laymen:* No election.

Colorado.—*Minister:* B. T. Vincent. *Reserve:* G. Murray. *Layman:* John Evans. *Reserve:* Samuel H. Elbert.

Delaware.—*Minister:* Nathan Young. *Layman:* S. Jones.

Nevada.—*Minister:* T. H. M'Grath. *Reserve:* J. D. Hammond. *Layman:* Gov. H. G. Blaisdell. *Reserve:* Henry Knapp.

East Genesee.—*Ministers:* F. G. Hibbard, Thomas Toucey, Charles W. Bennett, James E. Latimer, R. Hogoboom, DeWitt C. Huntington, Kasimir P. Jarvis. *Reserves:* W. H. Goodwin, Thomas B. Hudson. *Laymen:* David Decker, Judge Solomon Hubbard. *Reserves:* Anson G. Lindsley, Ezra Jones.

North Ohio.—*Ministers:* Francis S. Hoyt, Aaron J. Lyon, Lorenzo Warner, W. C. Pierce, John A. Mudge. *Reserves:* Joseph F. Kennedy, Henry Whiteman. *Laymen:* Horace Benton, Henry Elbert. *Reserves:* S. G. Bushnell, W. A. Parker.

Eric.—*Ministers:* J. Leslie, M. Hill, R. H. Hurlburt, G. W. Clarke, J. Marvin, W. F. Day, R. A. Caruthers, O. L. Mead, J. Graham. *Reserves:* G. W. Maltby, H. H. Moore, E. A. Johnson. *Laymen:* Hon. J. S. M'Calmont, Lewis Miller. *Reserves:* C. Clarke, General J. J. Elwell.

Central Ohio.—*Ministers:* William L. Harris, Alexander Harmount, Samuel L. Roberts, Thomas H. Wilson. *Reserves:* Joseph Wykes, Loring C. Webster. *Laymen:* George G. Hackedorne, William Lawrence. *Reserves:* William O. Semans, John W. Hiett.

Cincinnati.—*Ministers:* John W. Weakley, John M. Walden, John F. Marlay, Richard S. Rust, James F. Chalfant. *Reserves:* George C. Crum, Asbury Lowrey. *Laymen:* Ichabod Corwin, Philip B. Swing. *Reserves:* Jacob Chambers, John M. Phillips.

South-Eastern Indiana.—*Ministers:* Enoch G. Wood, Sampson Tincer, F. A. Hester. *Reserves:* W. Terrell, F. C. Holliday. *Laymen:* E. K. Hosford, J. C. M'Intosh. *Reserves:* J. H. V. Smith, D. G. Phillips.

South-Western German.—*Ministers:* Philip Kuhl, John Schlagenhauf, William Koenke. *Reserves:* H. Fiegenbaum, Rudolph Havighorst. *Laymen:* Adam Klippel, Dietrich C. Smith. *Reserves:* J. N. Niedringhaus, Philip H. Eisenmeyer.

Oregon.—*Ministers:* C. C. Stratton, J. F. DeVore. *Reserves:* N. Doane, H. K. Hines. *Laymen:* George Abernethy, J. S. Smith. *Reserves:* E. N. Cooke, Wm. Patterson.

Indiana.—*Ministers:* Jno. J. Hight, Wm. M'Ken-

dree Hester, Cyrus Nutt, John Kiger. *Reserves:* W. M. Harned, B. F. Rawlins. *Laymen:* Hon. Richard M. Thomson, W. C. De Pauw. *Reserves:* Asa Iglehart, I. T. Smith.

California.—*Ministers:* J. R. Tansey, W. J. Mac-lay, Otis Gibson, J. H. Wythe. *Reserves:* C. V. Anthony, C. H. Afflerback. *Laymen:* R. G. Davis-son, E. Morse. *Reserves:* J. W. B. M'Donald, E. S. Lippett.

North-West Indiana.—*Ministers:* A. A. Gee, J. C. Reed, N. L. Brakeman, S. Godfrey. *Reserves:* Aaron Wood, Luther Taylor. *Laymen:* Hon. H. S. Lane, John Brownfield. *Reserves:* Mark Jones, L. B. Sims.

Detroit.—*Ministers:* E. O. Haven, Arthur Edwards, Thomas G. Potter, James S. Smart, Lewis R. Fiske, Samuel Clements. *Reserves:* Seth Reed, Manasseh Hickey. *Laymen:* John Owen, Henry Fish. *Reserves:* W. M. M'Connell, George W. Fish.

Michigan.—*Ministers:* J. M. Reid, G. B. Jocelyn, W. H. Perrine, Israel Coggeshall, A. J. Eldred, C. C. Olds, M. B. Camburn. *Reserves:* R. Sapp, H. M. Joy. *Laymen:* Hampton Rich, Chas. R. Brown. *Reserves:* L. A. Atwater, J. W. Stone.

Central Illinois.—*Ministers:* William H. Hunter, Oliver S. Munsell, Andrew J. Anderson, Joseph S. Cumming, Francis M. Chaffee, Henderson Ritchie. *Reserves:* Richard Haney, William Underwood. *Laymen:* David M'Williams, Col. Thomas Logan. *Reserves:* M. E. Lyman, R. L. Hannaman.

Illinois.—*Ministers:* Hiram Buck, W. S. Prentice, W. E. Johnson, Peter Akers, Preston Wood, W. M'K. M'Elfresh, C. P. Baldwin. *Reserves:* W. F. Short, N. P. Heath, R. N. Davies. *Laymen:* W. M. Thomas, J. G. English. *Reserves:* Philip G. Gillett, W. J. Henry.

North-Western German.—*Ministers:* C. A. Loeber, F. Kopp, J. J. Keller. *Reserves:* F. Schuler, Wm. Pfæffe. *Laymen:* Henry Deekhauts, G. Schuer-meier. *Reserves:* J. Spink, C. Seefolz.

Des Moines.—*Ministers:* U. P. Golliday, Bennett Mitchell, P. F. Bresee, Joseph Knotts. *Reserves:* Jno. W. Todd, Samuel Jones. *Laymen:* H. C. Sigler, W. H. H. Beadle. *Reserves:* George E. Griffith, C. C. Nourse.

Southern Illinois.—*Ministers:* R. Allyn, G. W. Hughey, J. Van Cleve, E. Joy, B. R. Pierce. *Reserves:* C. J. Houts, J. A. Robinson. *Laymen:* E. Callahan, S. Stoker. *Reserves:* Benjamin Hypes, J. P. Johnson.

Upper Iowa.—*Ministers:* Alpha J. Kynett, Richard Swearingen, William Brush, R. W. Keeler, Elias Skinner, John Bowman. *Reserves:* Henry W. Reed, Emory Miller. *Laymen:* Hiram Price, D. N. Cooley. *Reserves:* L. D. Tracy, C. F. Clarkson.

Central German.—*Ministers:* William Nast, J. Rothweiler, J. A. Klein. *Reserves:* H. Liebhart, J. Krehbiel. *Laymen:* H. A. Faber, R. A. W. Bruehl. *Reserves:* Captain H. Dornbush, J. Kurtz.

Minnesota.—*Ministers:* David Brooks, T. M. Gos-sard, Cyrus Brooks, J. O. Rich. *Reserves:* Chauncey Hobart, J. F. Chaffee. *Laymen:* Abner Lewis John Nicols.

Tennessee.—*Ministers:* David Rutledge, John Braden. Reserves: Felix W. Vinson, Otis O. Knight. *Laymen:* Thomas H. Caldwell, Robert Quinn. Reserves: William Huston, James S. Ogden.

Wisconsin.—*Ministers:* Dr. G. M. Steele, P. B. Pease, Dr. H. Bannister, C. D. Pillsbury, Dr. W. G. Miller. Reserves: S. Fallows, W. P. Stowe. *Laymen:* J. W. P. Lyon, R. P. Elmore. Reserves: Byron Kingsbury, Prof. H. A. Jones.

Ohio.—*Ministers:* S. M. Merrill, J. M. Trimble, A. B. See, Wm. Porter, T. H. Phillips. Reserves: F. Merrick, B. N. Spahr. *Laymen:* L. J. Critchfield, H. S. Bundy. Reserves: Mills Gardner, W. S. McClintock.

Rock River.—*Ministers:* Luke Hitchcock, C. H. Fowler, M. Raymond, S. A. W. Jewett, W. S. Harrington, J. H. Moore. Reserves: W. C. Willing, W. C. Dandy. *Laymen:* Grant Goodrich, B. F. Sheels. Reserves: F. G. Pedoe, C. P. Cook.

Genesee.—*Ministers:* Thomas Carlton, R. L. Waite, E. E. Chambers, A. D. Wilbor. Reserves: J. B. Wentworth, S. Hunt. *Laymen:* F. H. Root, J. W. Brown. Reserves: L. R. Sanborn, H. J. Olmsted.

Iowa.—*Ministers:* William F. Cowles, Francis W. Evans, Edmund H. Waring, John T. Simmons. Reserves: Isaac P. Teter, Richard B. Allender. *Laymen:* J. A. Hammer, James Harlan. Reserves: General Gilbert, John Mahin.

Holston.—*Ministers:* N. E. Cobleigh, F. M. Fleming, J. L. Mann. Reserves: J. A. Hyden, R. W. Patty. *Laymen:* N. G. Taylor, J. W. Ramsay. Reserves: J. J. Yerger, N. A. Patterson.

West Wisconsin.—*Ministers:* J. B. Bachman, J. B. Reynolds, A. Brunson, D. D., T. M. Fullerton. Reserves: R. Dudgeon, Peter L. Mather. *Laymen:* J. H. Roundtree, J. E. Stillman. Reserves: J. Steele, A. Bell.

Georgia.—*Ministers:* E. Q. Fuller, W. Prettyman. Reserves: J. Spilman, J. W. Yarbrough. *Laymen:* J. C. Kimball, J. D. Thompson. Reserves: A. C. Ellington, George Francis.

Alabama.—*Minister:* A. S. Lakin. Reserve: W. P. Miller. *Layman:* Hon. H. C. Sanford. Reserve: J. Hoge.

DEATH OF MRS. BISHOP MORRIS.—On Monday, November 6th, this precious servant of God fell asleep in Jesus. She had been for many months a great sufferer, but bore all with Christian meekness and triumphant faith. As the life and the world receded, heaven and its hopes brightened, and she passed away without a regret for earth, and with a hope full of immortality. She was born May 27, 1800, and had passed her seventy-first year. She was converted while praying in secret, at the age of nine years. Before that she was extremely timid—afraid of her own shadow, but subsequently was not afraid of darkness, or any of its imaginary evils. She joined the Methodist Episcopal Church in Louisville, Kentucky, under the ministry of Dr. H. B. Bascom, in August, 1819, and continued a consistent member until death, over fifty-two years. She was married to Bishop Morris June 25, 1844, being the

widow of Dr. Meriwether, a prominent member of the same Church.

The bereaved Bishop thus speaks of her worth: "She was a genial, kind-hearted Christian lady. She was scrupulously honest. Her early opportunities were tolerably good for the times. After leaving school she made considerable efforts to improve her knowledge. Her favorite study was history, both ancient and modern. But of all books she preferred the Bible, which she read daily. She became well versed in the Holy Scriptures, especially the historical parts thereof. She excelled in the management of household affairs. Although not extravagant, she was fond of having the best of every thing in a plain way, and of seeing all tidy about her house."

Dr. Lowrey, until recently presiding elder of the district where the Bishop resides, and who was long and intimately acquainted with sister Morris, thus characterizes her:

"Sister Morris will be remembered as a cultivated lady—comely in person, graceful in manners, soft, gentle, and pleasing in address, amiable in disposition, refined in feelings, affection, and taste, polite in social intercourse, prudent and chaste in conversation and conduct, generous and sympathetic—especially to the needy and those who act in the capacity of servants. Though possessing sufficient spirit to maintain her self-respect and repel any unjust imputation or innuendo, she was careful to avoid personal difficulties and neighborhood wrangles. She coveted and strove to merit the good-will and friendship of all.

"Having a good mind, a cultivated taste, and general intelligence, she was an appreciative hearer of excellent preaching and classic thought. This was more especially characteristic of her in former years before her health became impaired, and while the mind retained all its natural vigor and veracity.

"Not only was sister Morris attractive and enjoyable personally, socially, and as a Christian, but such was her skill in housewifery that her home was always a seat of order, neatness, and chaste beauty. She made home a most amiable tabernacle—a sanctuary—a center of attraction and domestic enjoyment. She flung over it an air of comfort. As a Christian our departed sister was sincere and profoundly conscientious. Though timid and retiring, she was a woman of stern fidelity and deep devotion to God and his cause. She had a rich spiritual experience, which was recently perfected to the extent of being saved from all sin."

The venerable Bishop, now senior Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, will be seventy-eight years of age in April next. He has one son living—a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, in St. Louis. He has tendered the Bishop a home in his family, but the latter prefers, we learn, to occupy his own home, as heretofore, in Springfield, Ohio. His granddaughter-in-law, Mrs. Rust, now a widow, resides with the Bishop, and most kindly cares for him. May the God of comfort and grace abide with our venerable friend in his bereavement!

DEATH OF ALFRED COOKMAN.—Some men are born to be loved, and you can scarcely think of them in any other light than as friends, loving and lovable. However high they may rise, however eminent in services they may become, still it is not of their greatness that you think, but of their excellence and of their loveliness. Such a man was Alfred Cookman; you always said *Alfred Cookman*; not from indifferent familiarity, but because it seemed to draw him nearer to you, and express more warmly the genial, loving, noble man, whom you were proud to consider your friend. Our acquaintance with brother Cookman reaches back about twenty-three years. We started as we saw his age announced as forty-four years; we had never thought of him as moving along in years; he only seemed to us always as the warm, generous, true-hearted friend of his youth and ours. He was one of those fresh, sincere, open-hearted men to whom you do not attach the idea of passing time; like one of those precious, tender things of life that seem so natural and so permanent, that you are startled when you suddenly wake up and find out they are worn-out and gone.

But he is gone, gone to the ranks of the happy and the blessed. How rapidly their number is increasing, and how many of the precious ones we have known here, are adding brightness and attraction to the glorious throng there! He died November 13th, aged forty-four years, in the city of Newark, N. J., being the pastor of the Central Methodist Episcopal Church. He was the oldest son of the well-known Rev. George Cookman, D. D., who was lost on the steam-ship President in 1841. From that time to his death he was as a husband to the bereaved mother, a father and brother in one to a household of orphaned children. He began preaching quite young in life, and was admitted into the Philadelphia Conference in 1848. Then we first knew him, and since then have watched with joyful interest his advancing career of usefulness, his growing fame, and his ripening manhood. From the beginning he was a preacher of power, and steadily and rapidly grew to take a first rank in our ministry. He has filled most important appointments in Philadelphia, Harrisburg, Pittsburg, New York, in Delaware and New Jersey. Careful in the preparation of his discourses he never failed both to interest and instruct his hearers. Clear, earnest, persuasive, he often rose to the height of thrilling eloquence. Best of all, he was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost. His last words were, "I am sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb." The Church has but few men in the younger ranks of its ministry that will be more missed than Alfred Cookman; few whose death would touch more chords of sympathy and love. May the everlasting arms be about the precious ones he has left behind!

HOME AMUSEMENTS.—How to make home charming and attractive to young people is a serious and difficult question. For our own part the first principles are pretty well settled, namely, that home should be attractive, and that it is the duty and interest of

parents, according to their ability, to make it so; that it is not so costly as many suppose to gather into the house many little things that make it charming to the children; that many evils arise from making home cold, cheerless, and uninviting; that many parents have themselves to blame for the rising of the passion in their boys and girls to seek their enjoyment elsewhere than at home. Young people should have relaxation and amusement. In all cases it should be innocent in itself, innocent in its associations, and such as is not commonly directed to evil purposes. Amusements may be divided into three classes: such as are merely games of chance; such as combine chance and skill; such as are purely games of skill; the first two we entirely discard. The last we accept as in itself innocent.

These reflections have been awakened by a small box of "games" sent for examination by Milton Bradley & Co., publishers of Home Amusements in Springfield, Massachusetts. Such as we have seen, and such as their circular describes, strike us as meeting the requirements of skill and innocence, and freedom from evil associations. The makers of them deserve the thanks of parents, and we are sure the children will vote them benefactors. Application to the publishers will secure a descriptive catalogue of a large variety of games and plays which they manufacture.

PLAN OF EPISCOPAL VISITATION.—The Bishops have held their annual meeting, and have arranged the Conferences necessary to be held before the General Conference in the following order:

FIRST DISTRICT. BISHOP JAMES to preside.

Texas Conference.....	Dec 6, 1871...	Austin.
Louisiana ".....	" 14, ".....	New Orleans.
Mississippi ".....	" 21, ".....	Jackson.
Washington ".....	Feb. 5, 1872...	Baltimore.
East German ".....	March 21, ".....	New York.
Troy ".....	" 27, ".....	Saratoga Springs.
N. Hampshire ".....	April 3, ".....	Bristol, N. H.
Maine ".....	" 10, ".....	Gardiner.

SECOND DISTRICT. BISHOP SIMPSON to preside.

North Carolina Conference.....	Dec. 20, 1871...	Greensboro.
South Carolina ".....	" 27, ".....	Charleston.
Virginia ".....	Feb. 21, 1872...	Leesburg.
Baltimore ".....	" 28, ".....	Baltimore.
West Virginia ".....	March 6, ".....	Wheeling.
Pittsburg ".....	" 13, ".....	Allegheny City.
Central Pennsylvania ".....	" 20, ".....	Lock Haven.
Central New York ".....	April 3, ".....	Corland.
New York East ".....	" 10, ".....	East Bridgeport.

THIRD DISTRICT. BISHOP SCOTT to preside.

Lexington Conference.....	Feb. 14, 1872...	Maysville, Ky.
Kentucky ".....	" 21, ".....	Covington.
St. Louis ".....	" 28, ".....	Kansas City.
Kansas ".....	March 6, ".....	Emporia.
Missouri ".....	" 13, ".....	Glasgow.
Nebraska ".....	" 20, ".....	Nebraska City.
North Indiana ".....	" 27, ".....	Muncie.
Wyoming ".....	April 3, ".....	Owego.
Black River ".....	" 10, ".....	Canton.

FOURTH DISTRICT. BISHOP AMES to preside.

Wilmington Conference.....	Feb. 21, 1872...	Laurel, Del.
New Jersey ".....	" 28, ".....	Trenton.
Philadelphia ".....	March 6, ".....	Philadelphia.
Newark ".....	" 13, ".....	Hackettstown.
Providence ".....	" 20, ".....	Providence.
New England ".....	" 27, ".....	Worcester, Mass.
Vermont ".....	April 3, ".....	Chelsea, Vt.
New York ".....	" 10, ".....	New York.

Bishop James has supervision of the work in India, China, and Japan; Bishop Scott in South America; Bishop Simpson in Mexico, Bulgaria; and Europe; Bishop Ames in all the territories.



THE FOUNTAIN PLACE.

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